

# JAWS TOO!

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OCTOBER 1978

CDC 00159

# SICK

CHARLTON  
PUBLICATIONS

**PLUS**

THE WORLD'S  
WORST NEWSPAPER  
"THE NATIONAL UNQUIETER"

"LOU GRUNT"

"THE AWED COUPLE"

"EGO-MAN"

"CHER"



JACK SPARLING



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YO'ALL AIR

TOTALLY  
WITHIN'  
MI POWER!

FACE IT,  
YO'RE  
WIPED  
OUT!

AMY! AMY! AMY!

YO' SURE BEAT  
YO' DAD AT  
MONOPOLY!

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# SICK

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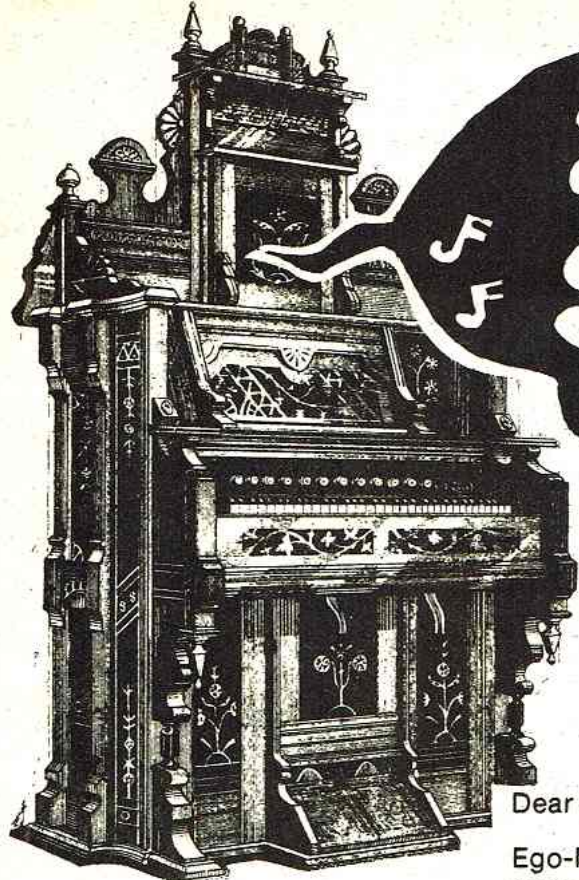
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# SICK SCRAWLS!

Dear Sickies;

I split over Cher's sister...Ophelia, if you'll pardon a pun, she has just the bounce needed to round out Cher. I hope she stays a long time with her half sister.

Hopefully,  
John Fogerty  
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear John;

*Ophelia Bunz has plans to stay; Cher has other plans. Plan to stick around and see.*

Regards,  
The Editor

Dear Editor;

I got two beefs. Why don't we see more Cher, and why don't you print more letters from N.Y.C.?

Dis-gruntled,  
Murry Cummings  
New York City

Dear Murry;

*All right and All right!*

Y. O. S.  
The Editor

Dear Sick;

Ego-Man is my type! Well, he's not my type in the sense of having all those arms, but he's a doer!... He fouls things up, but he's doing somebody all the time.

Another doer  
Sammy Becker  
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sammy;

*It takes all kinds!*

The Editor

Dear Editor;

"Plan X from Planet Nerd", Really! ...That is too much! Oh, granted there is another planet in the galaxy just like ours, maybe there are hundreds. But, in your wildest imagination (and yours is), could you conceive of any as stupid as us?

Respectfully,  
Sussie Glass  
Tacoma, Washington

Dear Sussie;

*You are correct! Any Planet that spends \$400 Billion dollars in just Twenty years, has extinction in mind!*

Regretfully,  
The Editor

Dear Editor Sparling;

Yeah, your magazine is funny, but what are you doing about changing the world? It stinks!

Frustrated,  
Bessy Whitters  
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Bessy;

*A world that produces a single rose is not all bad. The world's two legged animals are its abomination and SICK can only nip at their heels.*

Regards,  
The Editor

Dear Sick;

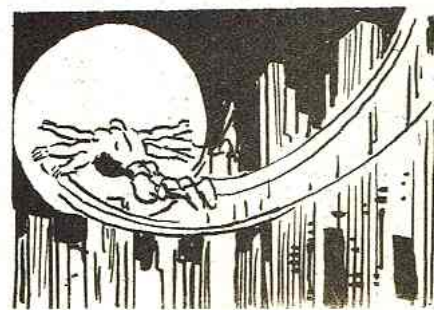
Ego-Man is great! In comics like everything else you've got to learn to read between the lies.

Sincerely,  
Robert Norder  
Jackson, Miss.

Dear Robert;

*We wish we'd said that. And of course, we will.*

Thanks Kindly,  
The Editor



Dear Sick;

Obviously you jest! Your Planet X thing... You leave us no hope. The thought of another planet so stupid they would look for T.V., and further compounding the insult to our fellow dwellers in this galazy. That they, would seek to copy our T.V. drivél. Sirs, you strip us of every last vestage of the hope chest of our psyche.

Crushed,  
Thelma Middlecamp  
Long Island, N.Y.

Dear Thelma;

*Sorry about that. Please take two aspirins and lie down on your astral plane.*

*Get Well Soon,  
The Editor*

Dear Sick;

That Plan X from Planet Nerd... was just great...

Tom Brownly,  
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Tom;

*That's two of us who thought so!*

*Regards,  
The Editor*

Dear Sick;

No Imagination what so ever!... What you would have is a combination of Ego-man's six arms around Cher...Wow!

A Future Editor,  
Harry Ghoonad  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Harry;

*You do indeed show promise. Promise you won't do it again!*

*Regards,  
The Editor*



Dear Sick;

My Daddy says the whole world is FLAT, flat broke. I like your book very much.

Stay Great,  
Gloria Jean Hackly  
Duluth, Minn.

Dear Gloria-Jean;

*Listen to Daddy!*

*Regards,  
The Editor*



Dear Sick;

For the life of me, I don't know why you don't turn your talents away from the tube and go to work on Washington D.C. There is a world of ridiculous situations you could satirize.

Malcolm Atter  
Falls Church, Va.

Dear Malcolm;

*Washington D.C. is a Satire.*

*Regretfully,  
The Editor*



Dear Sick;

The piece you did on "Moody Allen" was very good! However, it does start you thinking. Has this highly talented individual turned sour on a public who put him where he is? Much like that talented man of our grandfather's era, Charlie Chaplain? I wonder.

Bewildered,  
Mildred Whittier  
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mildred;

*Beats the blazes out of us!*

*Regards,  
The Editor*

IN HIS IDENTITY AS EGOMAN, STANLEY BOREMAN, HEAD OF MARBLE COMICS ("MARBLE, THE STONE AGE OF COMICS.") CEASELESSLY PROTECTS OUR YOUTH AGAINST EVERYTHING --EXCEPT COMIC BOOKS!

# EGO-MAN

DAWN AT MARBLE COMICS

GONE! ALL MY BEST WRITERS AND ARTISTS, STOLEN FROM THEIR PEN! BUT HOW? WHO?

GOOD MORNING, MY TALENTED CHILDREN---

IT WATH TERRIBLE, UNCLE THTANLEY! BEFORE MY VERY EYETH, THE MOB FROM B.C. LURED THEM AWAY FROM UTH!

BUT WHAT COULD THEY HAVE OFFERED THAT I DIDN'T!!

MORE MONEY, IRONCLAD CONTRACTH, PAYMENTH FOR REPRINTH --- JUNK LIKE THAT!

OH!

## THE BEASTS OF CROCKEFELLER PLAZA

AND, IN THE SINISTER ENVIRONS OF B.C. COMICS...

EVEN STEALIN' HIS TOP TALENT WON'T STOP STANLEY BOREMAN! SO WHAT NOW, JOE KUBE?

I SAY, CRUSH HIM WITH TANKS, PLANES, AND DEFOLIANT CHEMICALS! IT'LL MAKE HIS BEARD FALL OUT!

ONCE I KILL ORLANDO, I'LL BE THE YOUNGEST CHIEF EDITOR IN COMICS!

SMILE, JOE! THIS COULD BE AN HISTORIC MOMENT!!



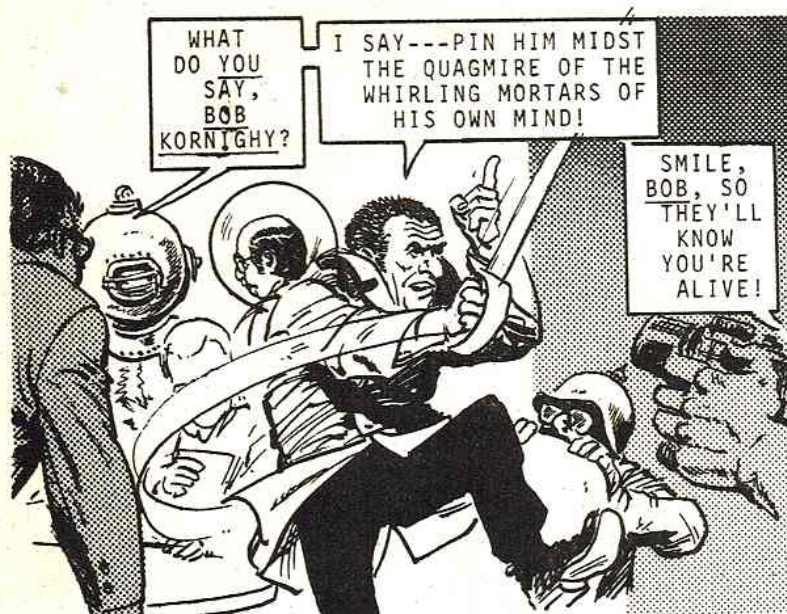


TOO  
DRASTIC,  
KUBE!

I'M THIRSTY!  
WHERE'S MY  
GENIUS BOY-EDITOR,  
PALL SHLIVOVITZ?

COMING, J.O.! YOU  
TAUGHT ME  
EVERYTHING I KNOW!

DARN!  
THE  
FUSE  
WENT  
OUT!



WHAT  
DO YOU  
SAY,  
BOB  
KORNIGHY?

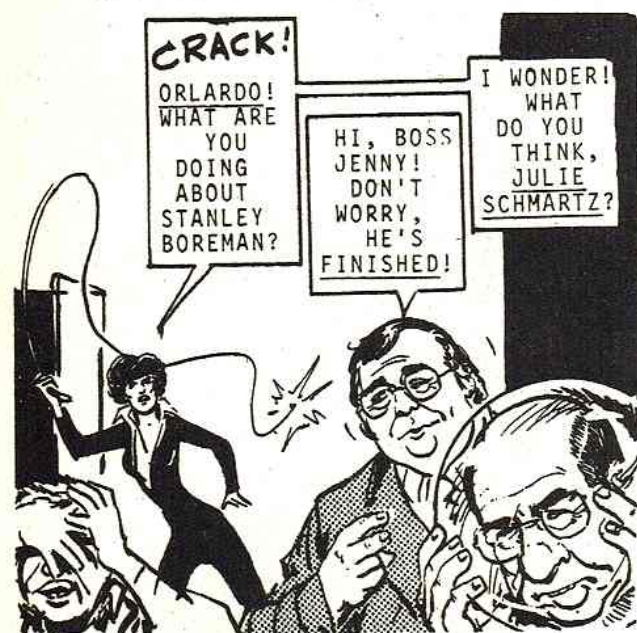
I SAY---PIN HIM MIDST  
THE QUAGMIRE OF THE  
WHIRLING MORTARS OF  
HIS OWN MIND!

SMILE,  
BOB, SO  
THEY'LL  
KNOW  
YOU'RE  
ALIVE!

SOUNDS  
GREAT!  
BUT  
WHAT  
DOES  
IT  
MEAN?

DON'T ASK ME THAT! DO YOU  
ASK SHAKESPEARE THAT? DO YOU?!!

SAY, DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THE  
TIME THESE THREE CHINESE GIRLS  
BATHED ME IN FROZEN YOGURT?



CRACK!  
ORLADO!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU  
DOING  
ABOUT  
STANLEY  
BOREMAN?

HI, BOSS  
JENNY!  
DON'T  
WORRY,  
HE'S  
FINISHED!

I WONDER!  
WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK,  
JULIE  
SCHMARTZ?

I SAY,  
"WHEN IN  
DOUBT,  
LEAD  
TRUMPS!"

TRANSLATE  
THAT,  
BIRDSICK!

(AHEM!)  
(AHEEM!)  
SCHMARTZ  
HAS ONLY  
THREE  
ANSWERS  
TO  
ANYTHING--

...NOBODY SANG  
IT LIKE LOUIE  
ARMSTRONG!

...BATMAN  
WOULDN'T  
DO THAT!

THOSE ARE  
THE OTHER  
TWO!  
(AHEM! AHEEM!)





**BAROOOM!**

PALL! GO  
SEE WHAT  
THAT WAS!

(AHEM! AHEM!) I THINK  
IT WAS BOSS JENNY HANG-  
ING UP THE PHONE!

WHAT WE NEED IS AN INSPIRATIONAL  
SPEECH FROM OUR PRESIDENT,  
SOL HERRINGBONE!

LET'S  
HEAR  
IT FOR  
"UNCLE  
SOL"!  
YAYYYY!

"BELOVED PARENTS, RESPECTED  
RABBI, HONORED FAMILY AND  
FRIENDS, TODAY ---

"-- I AM  
A MAN!"

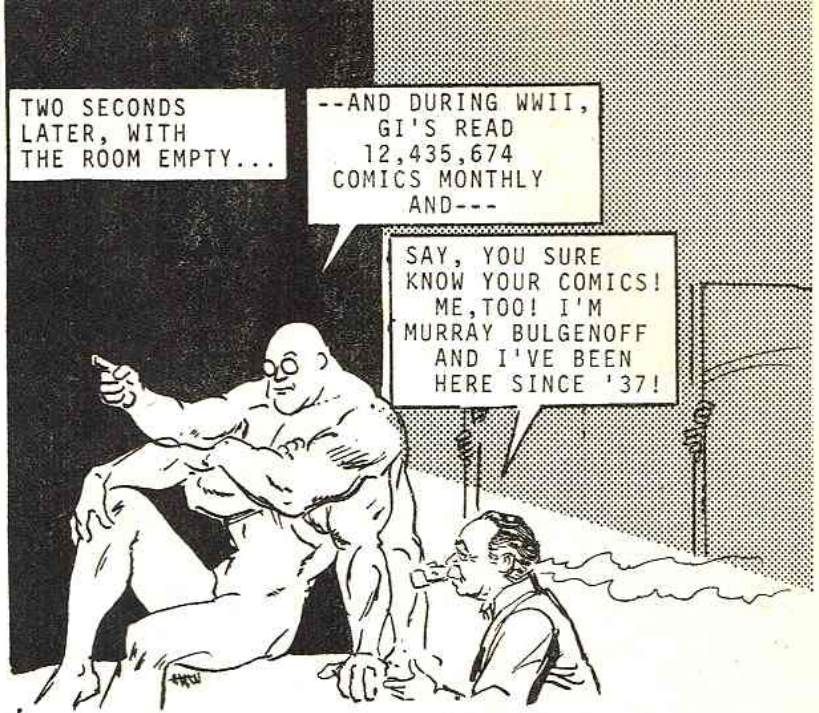
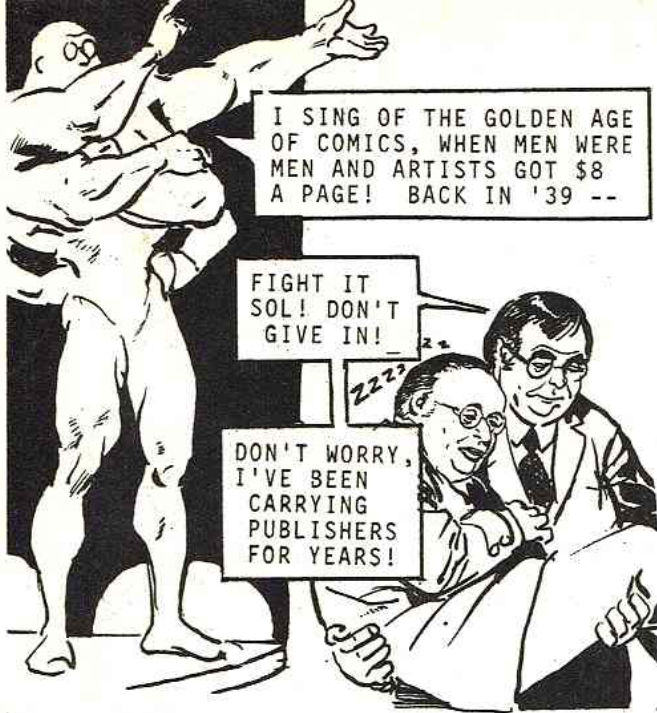
HE'S BEEN GIVING  
THAT SAME SPEECH  
SINCE HE WAS 13!

"DON'T FUDGE  
WITH SUCCESS!"  
RIGHT?

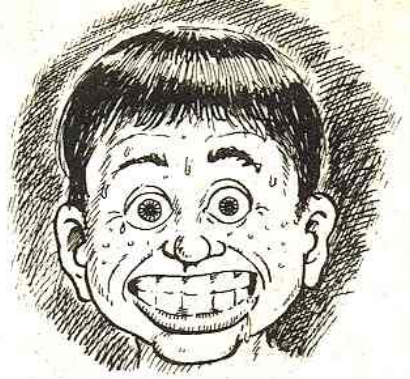
**KRAASH!**

DON'T MOVE!  
A CRIME  
AGAINST COMICS  
HAS BEEN COMMIT-  
TED, AND EGOMAN  
MUST  
AVENGE IT!

MADRE MIA! THEY SAY  
HE CAN BORE A MAN TO  
DEATH AT FIFTY FEET!  
HOLD YOUR EARS AND  
RUN!



I MUST GO DOWN TO THE STANDS AGAIN, TO THE RACKS OF DIRTY BOOKS,  
WITH THE COVER SHOTS THAT EVEN MAKE ACCOUNTANTS TURN AND LOOK,  
AND ALL I ASK IS A CENTERFOLD TO MAKE MY PALMS PERSPIRE,  
AND MAKE ME PANT AND TURN MY MOUTH ALL FOAMY WITH DESIRE.



Bill Burke



I MUST GO DOWN TO THE STANDS AGAIN,  
WHERE THE 'ZINES THAT THEY DISPLAY  
ARE JUST TOO HOT FOR SEX-STARVED  
FIENDS LIKE ME TO KEEP AWAY:  
I'LL SAVE MY PENNIES, BE REAL GOOD  
AND COUNT THE DAYS 'TIL I AM  
TEN YEARS OLDER; THAT'S WHEN MOMMY  
SAID SHE LET ME BUY 'EM!

I WANDERED DOWN A GREENWICH STREET  
WHEN TO MY EARDRUMS CAME A ROAR  
THAT SOUNDED LIKE A WHALE IN HEAT;  
THE SIGN UPON THE NIGHTCLUB DOOR  
SAID "V.D. VIDA AND THE SYPHS--  
INFLAMED HARMONICS; BURNING RIFFS."



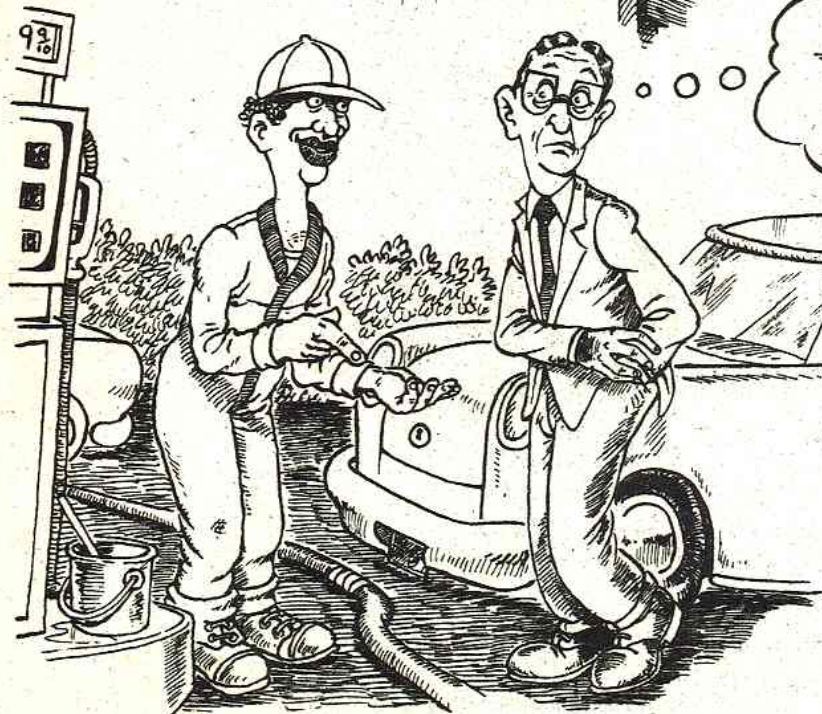
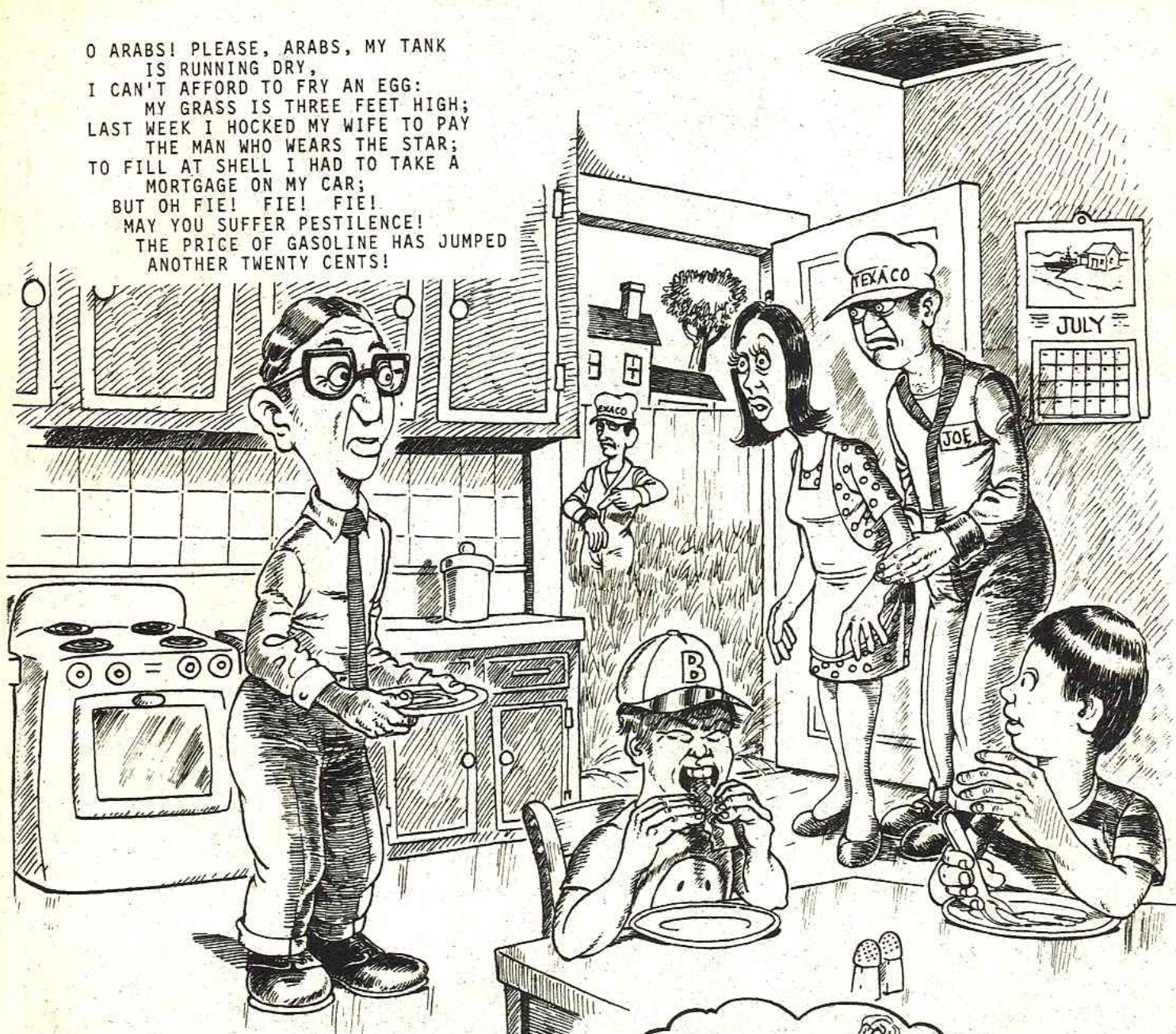
THE DRUMMER, IN THREE-QUARTER TIME,  
RAISED WELTS UPON THE BASSIST'S BACK;  
THE SINGER CAUSED HER PITCH TO CLIMB  
EACH TIME SHE TIGHTENED UP THE RACK;  
THE ORGANIST LOOKED SO AUSTERE  
WITH RIVETS DRIVEN THROUGH EACH EAR.



THEY MAY HAVE LOOKED AND SMELLED AS THOUGH  
THEY BATHED EACH DAY IN SEPTIC TANKS,  
BUT TO THEIR MUSIC I WILL OWE  
A DEBT OF NEVER-ENDING THANKS--  
FOR DISCO SONGS, UNLIKE BEFORE,  
DON'T MAKE ME VOMIT ANYMORE.



O ARABS! PLEASE, ARABS, MY TANK  
IS RUNNING DRY,  
I CAN'T AFFORD TO FRY AN EGG:  
MY GRASS IS THREE FEET HIGH;  
LAST WEEK I HOKED MY WIFE TO PAY  
THE MAN WHO WEARS THE STAR;  
TO FILL AT SHELL I HAD TO TAKE A  
MORTGAGE ON MY CAR;  
BUT OH FIE! FIE! FIE!  
MAY YOU SUFFER PESTILENCE!  
THE PRICE OF GASOLINE HAS JUMPED  
ANOTHER TWENTY CENTS!



O PIPELINE! DEAR PIPELINE, YOU'LL  
RIGHT THIS DEADLY WRONG,  
YOU'LL FREE US FROM THE ARABS' HOLD,  
AND MAKE OUR COUNTRY STRONG;  
YOU'LL GIVE US FUEL ENOUGH TO RUN  
OUR CADS AND CONTINENTALS,  
WE'LL TELL THE SHEIKS TO SHOVE THEIR  
OIL DOWN THEIR ALIMENTALS,  
BUT PIPELINE! DEAR PIPELINE,  
YOUR GAS COSTS TWICE AS MUCH;  
I WONDER IF DETROIT COULD MAKE  
A CADDY WITH A CLUTCH?

BEFORE ENTERING THIS NEWSPAPER CHICKEN COOP, LET'S STUDY THE PECKING ORDER!

MRS. TENSUN PECKS MR. FUME!

IF THIS MATTER IS NOT RECTIFIED AT ONCE, YOU WILL BE PROPELLED FROM HERE ON YOUR POSTERIOR!

MANAGING EDITOR FUME PECKS CITY EDITOR GRUNT!

STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS GAFF OR YOU'RE OUT ON YOUR RUSTY DUSTY!

CITY EDITOR GRUNT PECKS CUB REPORTER BOSSI!

YOU CLEAN UP THIS CRAP OR YOU'RE OUT ON YOUR KAZOO!

AND BOSSI PECKS THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND HOUSE HIPPI, BEASTIE!

STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS CRAP OR I'LL BOOT YOU OUT ON YOUR TAIL!

SOUNDS LIKE KICKS! COULD YOU WEAR SPIKES?



# LOU GRUNT!

NOW HERE IT IS, THE NEWSPAPER SHOW THAT BITES DEEPLY INTO THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL ISSUES -- WITHOUT OFFENDING ANYBODY!

OKAY, WE'LL PICK OUR HEADLINE STORY NOW! FOREIGN NEWS?

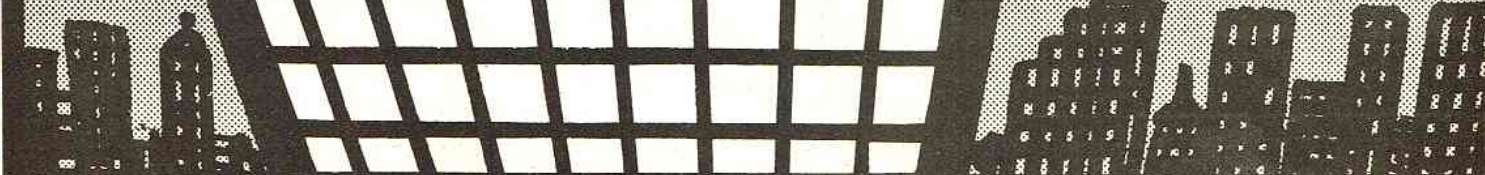
WE SUGGEST, "WAR IN AFRICA! CONTINENT AFLAME!"

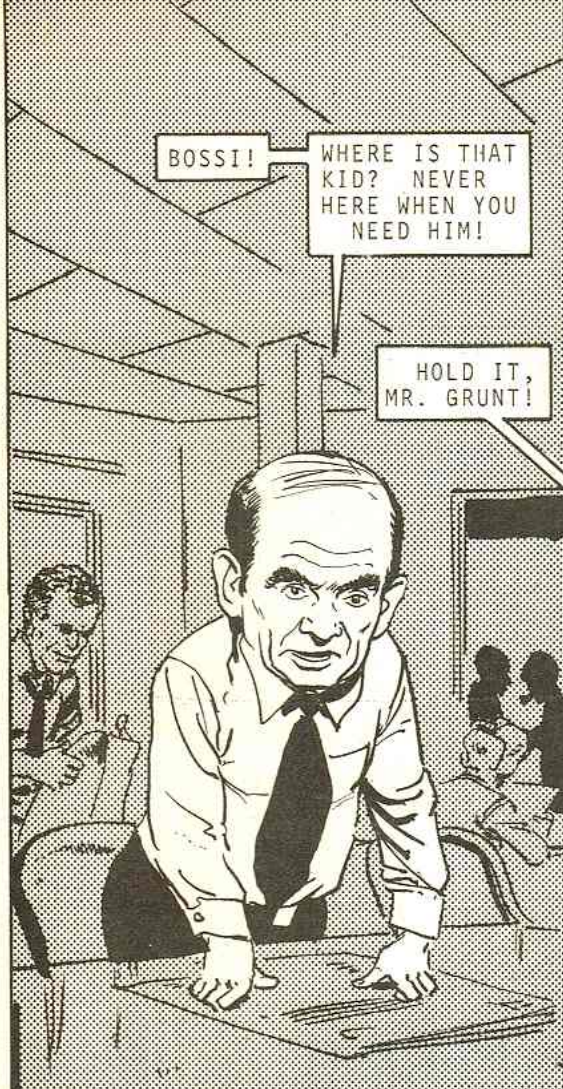
THE BUSINESS DESK LIKES, "MARKET DOWN 20! WALL ST. PANICS!"

CITY DESK SHEEPLISHLY OFFERS, "MAYOR CAUGHT NAKED IN LOVE NEST!" -- WITH PICTURES!

YOUR DIRTY HEADLINES WIN EVERY TIME, GRUNT!

DAILY BLAST





BOSSI!

WHERE IS THAT KID? NEVER HERE WHEN YOU NEED HIM!

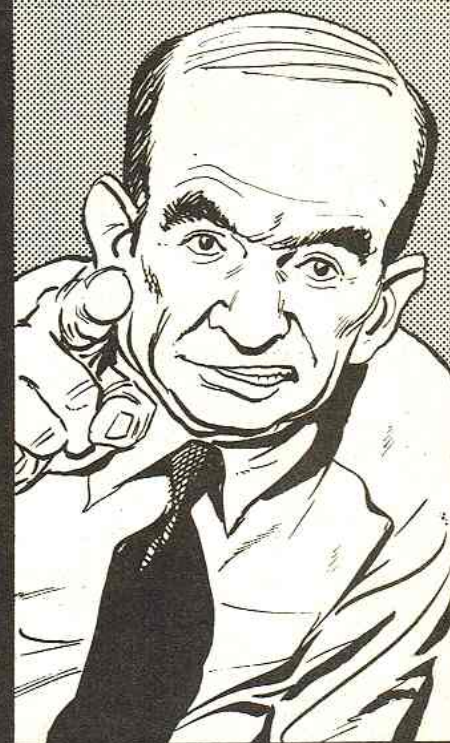
HOLD IT, MR. GRUNT!

LISTEN, LOU, I EAT, SLEEP, AND BREATHE JOURNALISM! DOESN'T THAT PROVE I'VE GOT NEWSPRINT IN MY HEART?

NO! IT PROVES YOU'VE GOT ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD!



LISTEN, BOY! YOU THINK YOU'RE A HOTSHOT! BUT YOU'RE STILL WET BEHIND THE EARS!



SORRY, LOU! I CAME STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOWER!

BEASTIE! GET A MOP!

LIKE, WHICH ONE YOU WANT, LOU? L.A.? BEVERLY HILLS? KUKAMONGA? OR SOMEPLACE CALLED THE U.S.A.?

NOT A MAP, YOU IDIOT! A MOP!!



PLEASE, LOU, I'D DO ANYTHING FOR A GOOD STORY! I'VE EVEN OFFERED MY BODY FOR ONE!

NEXT TIME, OFFER RAQUEL WELCH'S BODY!



YOU RESENT ME BECAUSE I'M A WOMAN! BUT I CAN DRINK LIKE A MAN, SMOKE LIKE A MAN, AND CURSE LIKE A MAN ---

-- GOSH DARN, JIMMINY CRICKETS, BY GUM!

WATCH IT, I'VE GOT A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER IN MY WALLET!

OKAY, YOU'RE A PAIR OF NOVICES, BUT, AS USUAL, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A STORY ANY REPORTER WOULD GIVE HIS EYETEETH FOR!

BECAUSE REPORTERS HAVE NO TEETH?

NO EYES?



HA-HA! FUNNY!

CUT THAT FUN-LOVING-PROFESSIONALS CRAP BEFORE PEOPLE SEE THAT THIS SHOW IS ONLY MASH IN A NEWSROOM!

HERE'S THE YARN! THERE'S A CAT STUCK UP A TREE ON 12TH STREET!

THAT'S A HOT STORY?

I QUIT! BETTER YET, I'LL GET BEASTIE TO BURN THIS PLACE DOWN!

DUMBHEADS! IT'S THE FIRE CHIEF'S CAT! AND HE'S USING THREE FIRE COMPANIES TO GET IT DOWN!! HE'S EVEN PLAYING HIS VIOLIN TO IT!

"CHIEF FIDDLES WHILE L.A. BURNS!" THAT'S A STORY!





SOON.....

SIX  
MILLION  
DOLLARS  
WORTH  
OF FIRE  
ENGINES!

AND  
THERE'S  
THE  
CHIEF  
PROUDLY  
POINTING  
AT HIS  
CAT!

GREAT  
STORY! WE'LL  
FRONT-PAGE IT!

THE NEXT DAY....

MR. GRUNT! REPORT TO MRS. TENSUN  
IMMEDIATELY -- UNDER PENALTY OF  
DEATH!!



SHE MUST BE  
SORE AT ME  
-- AGAIN!

HOW'D YOU  
FIGURE  
THAT OUT?

E.S.P.  
!



--YOU SEE, THE  
ANIMAL WAS  
RABIED AND,  
BY CATCHING  
IT THE  
CHIEF SAVED  
MANY LIVES!  
HE IS SUING  
US FOR  
\$3,000,000!

I  
GUESS  
THE  
KIDS  
BLEW  
IT!

A VERY GOOD GUESS!  
NOW, GUESS WHERE I'M  
SENDING YOU!

HOW  
MANY  
GUESSES  
DO  
I  
GE-  
E-  
E-  
E-  
ET?

DILLIE! BOSSI! I WANT  
TO SEE YOU BOTH! AND I  
WILL, AS SOON AS I CAN  
OPEN MY EYES AGAIN!!

THE BOSS-LADY GAVE  
YOU THE DEEP-SIX  
AGAIN, HUH, LOU?



HE DIDN'T FOOL US WITH THAT RABIES CRAP! WHOEVER HEARD OF A CAT WITH RABIES?

WHO? THE FIRE CHIEF, IS WHO! HIS LAWYER, IS WHO! ALSO, OUR BOSS, IS WHO!

SOUNDS LIKE A FLOCK OF OWLS JUST FLEW IN!

CLOSELY STUDYING ONE OF YOUR PICTURES, YOU MAY SPOT A USEFUL CLUE!

THE WAY THE CAT IS FOAMING AT THE MOUTH?

I THOUGHT IT WAS SHAVING CREAM! I MEAN A CAT HAS WHISKERS, RIGHT?

SHAVING CREAM! OF ALL THE DUMB, STUPID, IDIOTIC, NINCOMPOOPIC --

--NINCOMPOOPIC?

LOU! GOOD NEWS!



THE CHIEF FAKED THE RABIES STORY FOR PUBLICITY!

AND GET THIS--(HA-HA)--HE COVERED THE CAT'S MOUTH WITH SHAVING CREAM! AREN'T YOU HAPPY?

I AM DELIRIOUS WITH JOY! (MOAN!)

AND DECENCY RECEIVES IT'S JUST REWARD!

-- AND I THOUGHT I SHOULD APOLOGIZE FOR SENDING YOU DOWN THE CHUTE!

YOU'RE TOUGH BUT YOU'RE FAIR, MRS. TENSUN!

AS A REWARD, I WILL PERMIT YOU TO CRAWL UP THE CHUTE!

OH, YOU'RE TOO KIND! (MWA!) TOO GENEROUS! (MWA!) TOO --MUCH!



THE END

WHO SAYS T.V. ACTORS ARE A BUNCH OF NO-TALENTS? WHO SAYS THEY COULDN'T PLAY SHAKESPEARE AND IBSEN AS WELL AS THEY DO KOTTER AND KOJAK? WHO SAYS, WITH A GREAT SCRIPT, FARRAH-FAWCETT-MAJORS COULDN'T SHOW THE DEPTH AND POWER OF A BETTE DAVIS? WHO SAYS SO? WE DO!!! AND HERE'S PROOF!!!!!!

# THE AWD COUPLE

LET ME IN, FELIX!

NO, OSCAR! I JUST DID THE FLOORS!

I'LL TAKE OFF MY SHOES!

BUT YOUR SOCKS ARE DIRTY!

I'LL TAKE OFF MY SOCKS!

BUT YOUR FEET--

I WOULDN'T TAKE OFF MY FEET FOR THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND!

Written by Arnold Drake  
Drawn by Jack Sparling

BOY, AM I POOPED!

WHERE ARE YOU PUTTING THAT CAN?

I KNOW WHERE I'D LIKE TO PUT IT, YOU FUSS-POT!

NO WONDER YOUR WIFE LEFT! YOU MADE HER BOIL HER LIPS BEFORE SHE KISSED YOU!

OH, YEAH? WHEN YOUR WIFE FILED FOR DIVORCE, SHE SAID YOU WERE HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH A BREWERY!

WHY ARE YOU  
EVEN MORE  
CONTEMPTIBLE  
THAN USUAL,  
OSCAR?

I'M DIRECTING TONIGHT'S  
NEWSMEN'S ANNUAL! SO  
I CAST KAKA GABOOR AS  
JULIET -- AND SHE JUST  
GOT SICK!



AN ASHTRAY! AN  
ASHTRAY! MUST  
FIND AN ASHTRAY!

YOU GOTTA FIND AN  
ASHTRAY? I GOTTA  
FIND A JULIET!  
IN AN HOUR!



I PLAYED THE PART  
OF JULIET AT MY  
ALL-MEN'S COLLEGE!  
AND LOVED IT!

WE LOVED GIRLS'  
PARTS, TOO! BUT  
THE GIRLS WERE  
STILL ATTACHED  
TO THE PARTS!

YOUR ASH  
IS  
DROOPING!

TOLD YOU  
I WAS  
TIRED!



HEY! WOULD  
YOU PLAY  
JULIET?

I'D LOVE TO! WHO'LL  
BE MY ROMEO?

I'D  
HATE  
TO!

ME!



FELIX, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I SWORE  
I'D HANG UP MY PANTS AND WASH MY SOCKS  
EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK?

NOTHING! I  
NEVER TALK  
FROM A DEAD  
FAINT!



WHAT KIND OF COSTUME

A LAVENDER GOWN!

WITH SEQUINS?

HE'S GONNA DO IT! HE'S  
GONNA DO IT!



THAT NIGHT.....

HOW  
DO  
I  
LOOK,  
OSCA

SAME AS ALWAYS --  
LIKE THE RICH KID  
ON OUR BLOCK I  
USED TO BEAT UP!

"--IT IS THE EAST,  
AND JULIET IS THE  
SUN!"



OSCAR,  
YOU  
BEAST!  
LOOK  
AT ME!

STOP IT, LADY!  
I'M REHEARSING  
FOR---

OH, IT'S YOU! WOW!  
YOU'RE -- BEAUTIFUL!



SLIP US  
SOME  
LIP, EH,  
BABY?

I'LL SLIP YOU  
SOME FIST,  
YOU JERK!



Y--YOU EXPECT  
ME TO C--  
CLIMB THAT  
LADDER? Y--YOU  
KNOW I CAN'T  
STAND HEIGHTS!

YOU ALSO CAN'T STAND  
FIGHTS! NOW GET UP  
THERE OR I WILL PLAY  
A VIBRAPHONE SOLO  
ON YOUR RIBS!



STOP TREMBLING!  
YOU'RE SHAKING  
THE SET!

WHO HAS TIME  
TO TALK TO  
ANIMALS?



ASK A HYENA TO STOP  
LAUGHING! TELL A  
MONKEY TO STOP  
SCRATCHING!

AND SO THE CURTAIN RISES AND THE AUDIENCE SINKS.....

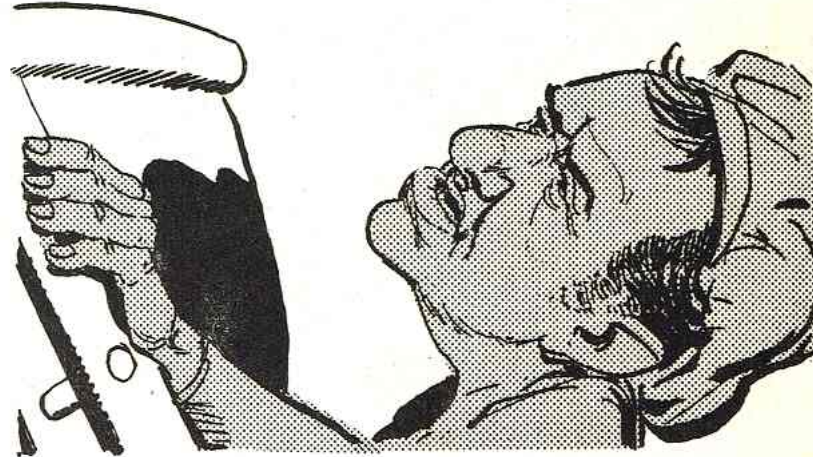
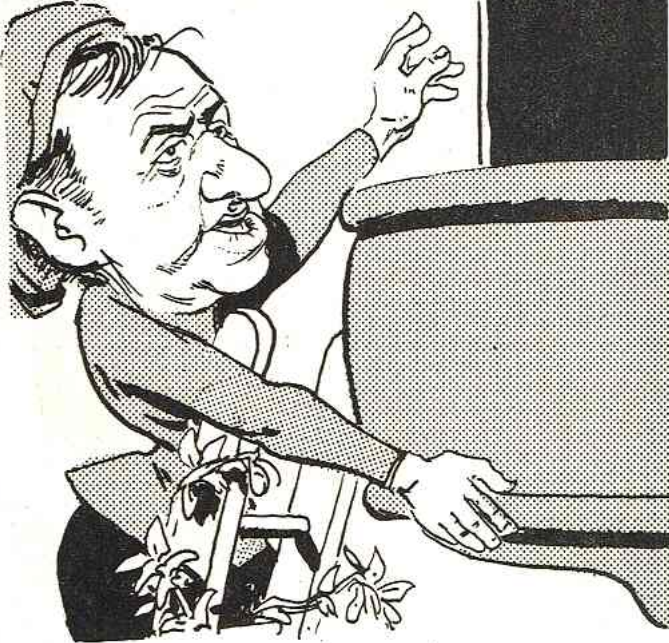
"BUT SOFT, WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS? IT IS THE EAST, AND JULIET IS THE SUN--"

I SAID

"--AND JULIET IS THE SUN!"

I HEARD YOU, LOUD-MOUTH! MY DRESS IS CAUGHT! YOU WANT ME TO RIP THE LOVELY THING?

I'LL RIP OFF YOUR HEAD, YOU IDIOT!



OKAY, DELIVER YOUR LINE!

AFTER THE WAY YOU SPOKE TO ME! NO! NO! NOT ONE WORD UNTIL YOU APOLOGIZE!

ALL RIGHT, ALREADY! I APOLOGIZE!

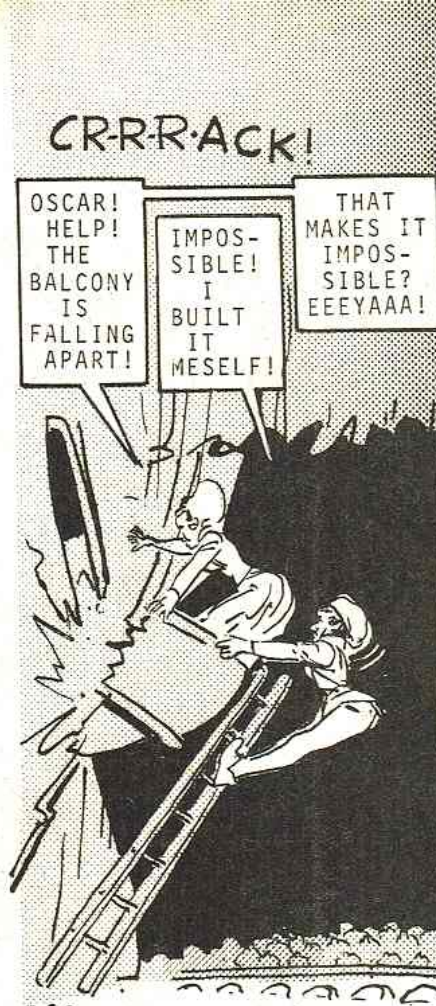
OH, NO! SAY, "I OSCAR, DO SOLEMNLY BEG THE FORGIVENESS OF--"

I'LL KILL YOU, FELIX! ONE SMALL PIECE AT A TIME!

"--IT IS THE EAST AND JULIET IS THE SUN!"

"O ROMEO! O ROMEO! WHEREFORE ART THOU, ROMEO?"



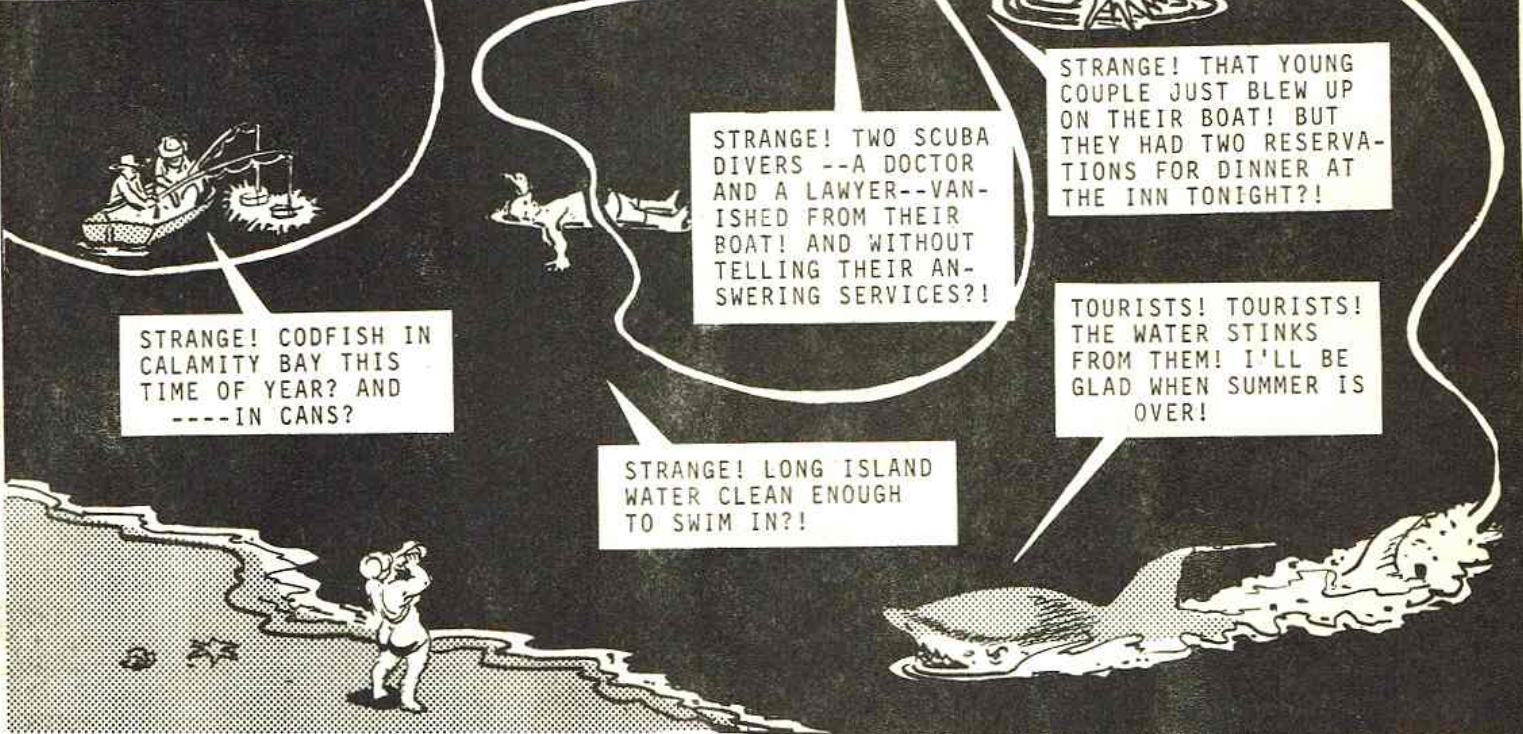


# JAWS TOO!

GET READY FOR THE BLOODIEST DISASTER FILM OF THEM ALL! HEADS RIPPED FROM BODIES, ARMS AND LEGS TORN TO SHREDS! AND THAT WAS JUST FROM THE CAST FIGHTS DURING PRODUCTION! P-UNIVERSAL FILMS PRAYS THAT ALL THIS WILL HIT US WHERE WE LIVE: IN OUR HEARTS, OUR HEADS, OUR STOMACHS, AND---

IN A MERE FEW DAYS, ALONG THE COAST OF CALAMITY, LONG ISLAND, THE FOLLOWING OCCURS.....

Written by Arnold Drake  
Drawn by Jack Sparling



STRANGE! CODFISH IN CALAMITY BAY THIS TIME OF YEAR? AND ----IN CANS?

STRANGE! TWO SCUBA DIVERS --A DOCTOR AND A LAWYER--VANISHED FROM THEIR BOAT! AND WITHOUT TELLING THEIR ANSWERING SERVICES?!

STRANGE! THAT YOUNG COUPLE JUST BLEW UP ON THEIR BOAT! BUT THEY HAD TWO RESERVATIONS FOR DINNER AT THE INN TONIGHT?!

TOURISTS! TOURISTS! THE WATER STINKS FROM THEM! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN SUMMER IS OVER!

STRANGE! LONG ISLAND WATER CLEAN ENOUGH TO SWIM IN?!

BUT THE STRANGEST OF ALL ARE THE IDIOT NATIVES OF CALAMITY, WHO CAN'T TELL A DISASTER PLAGUE WHEN THEY SEE ONE!

MARTIN BROODY, CALAMITY'S POLICE CHIEF HAS A TROUBLED LIFE!

I'M A POLICEMAN IN A SEAPORT AND I'M AFRAID OF THE SEA! BUT THAT'S NOT MY TROUBLE!

I'M HIS SON, MUKE AND I ONCE SAW A MAN EATEN BY A SHARK--WITH KETCHUP! BUT THAT'S NOT MY TROUBLE!

I'M LITTLE SPAWN AND THEY ALL TREAT ME LIKE AN IDIOT KID! BUT THAT'S NOT MY TROUBLE!

WHAT IS YOUR TROUBLE?

YOUR DAMN COOKING! THAT'S WHAT!

FRIED FISH! FRIED FISH! NEVER ANYTHING BUT FRIED FISH! YUCHHHHHHHH!





WE'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPY SINCE --THE TROUBLE!

YOU MEAN THE 1917 IRISH REBELLION MASSACRE? THEY CALLED THAT THE TROUBLE!

NO, I MEAN THE SHARK SCARE OF 4 YEARS AGO THAT KILLED BUSINESS! NOW THAT'S TROUBLE!



I'M GOING OUT TO WALK THE BEACH AND BROOD A LOT!

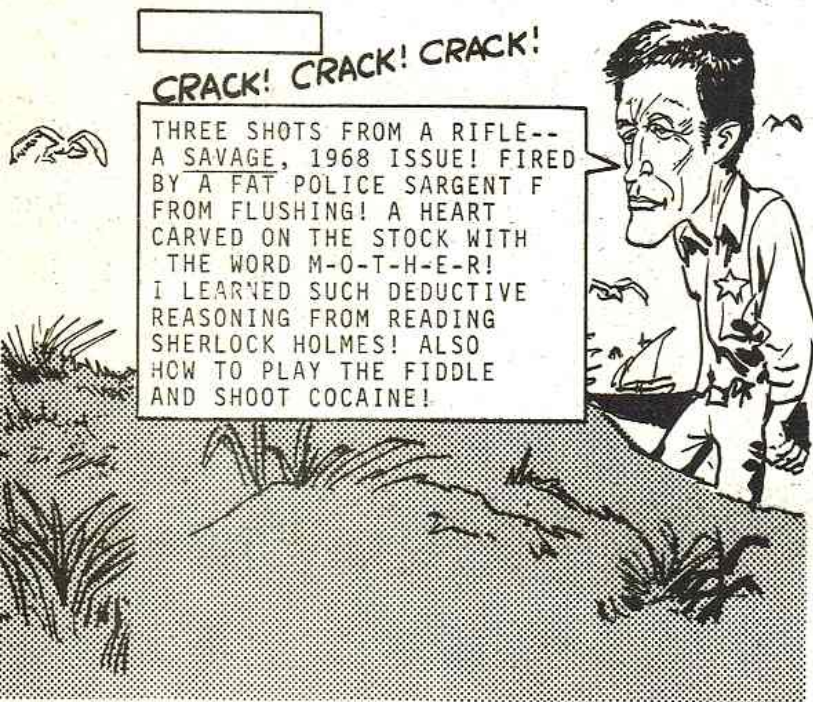
YES, DEAR! YOU HAVE DEEP FEELINGS! YOU'RE NOT JUST A COP-- YOU'RE A HUMAN BEING, TOO!



AND, IN A NEARBY VACATION BUNGALOW..

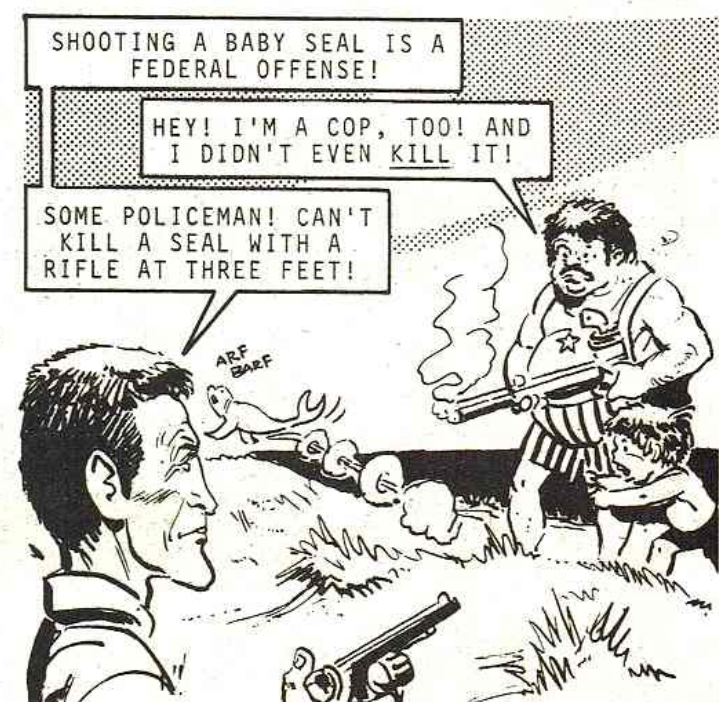
DAD! THERE'S THE CUTEST LITTLE BABY SEAL ON OUR BEACH!

WHAT?! AND THE LITTLE FINK ISN'T PAYING A PENNY FOR BEACH PRIVILEGES! LET'S KILL 'IM!



CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

THREE SHOTS FROM A RIFLE-- A SAVAGE, 1968 ISSUE! FIRED BY A FAT POLICE SARGENT F FROM FLUSHING! A HEART CARVED ON THE STOCK WITH THE WORD M-O-T-H-E-R! I LEARNED SUCH DEDUCTIVE REASONING FROM READING SHERLOCK HOLMES! ALSO HOW TO PLAY THE FIDDLE AND SHOOT COCAINE!



SHOOTING A BABY SEAL IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE!

HEY! I'M A COP, TOO! AND I DIDN'T EVEN KILL IT!

SOME POLICEMAN! CAN'T KILL A SEAL WITH A RIFLE AT THREE FEET!

ARF BARF



MULTIPLE STORY LINES NOW UNFOLD!

LOOK, MACHETTI, YOU GET CHIEF BROODY OFF MY BACK OR MY PALS WON'T GIVE YOU A GAMBLING LICENSE!

PUT OUT A CONTRACT ON BROODY, EH? TOO BAD HE AIN'T A BABY SEAL! YOU COULD DO IT!

HEY, DUMMY! GET US TWO DRINKS!



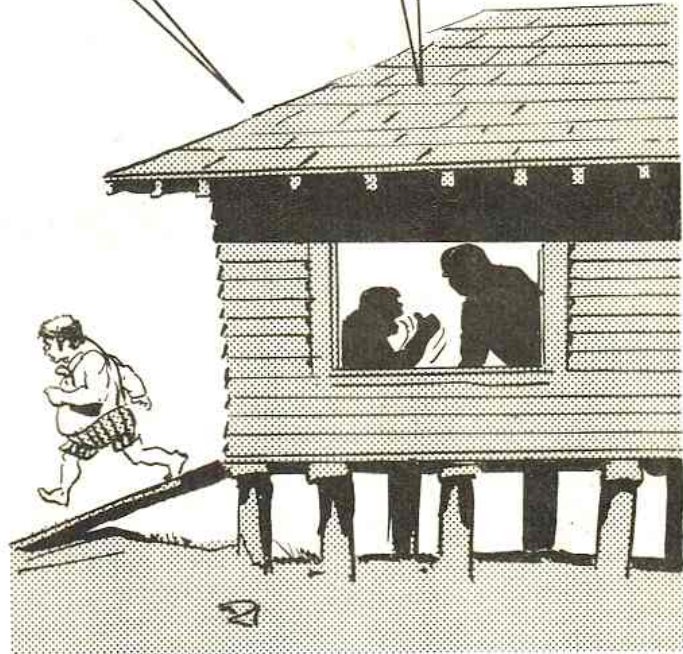
HOLLYWOOD LAW: IF YOU LACK ONE GOOD STORY, USE 47 POOR ONES!

LATER, WHEN THE SEAL-KILLER LEAVES...

BROODY'S WIFE LET MY KID INTO THE BOY SCOUT TROOP! BUT I GOTTA KILL SOMEBODY -- OR IT LOOKS BAD!

HEY, DUMMY! TAKE CARE OF THE FAT COP!

WHAT MEANS STRANGE SIGN WITH THUMB AND TEETH? HE WANTS ME TO BITE FATSO'S THUMB?



MEANWHILE...

NO! YOU CAN'T GO INTO THE WATER, MUKI! YOU JUST ATE -- THREE DAYS AGO! AND TELL YOUR GIRLFRIEND, JERKI, TO TURN OFF HER HEAD-LIGHTS!

I CAN'T HELP IT IF I'M WELL DEVELO--

--OH! YOU MEAN, MY BRACES!



DAD, IF I DON'T OVERCOME MY AQUAPHOBIA, I COULD BE A PERMANENT, EMOTIONAL CRIPPLE!

THOSE PSYCHOLOGY PAPERBACKS AT BARSTUCK'S DRUG-STORE AGAIN! WHY DON'T YOU READ SOME PORN MAGS, YOU CREEP?



PICKING UP PLOT LINE NUMBER 17-B AGAIN...

NO! NO! DON'T KILL ME!  
I'LL GIVE ALL MY MONEY  
TO THE FOUNDATION OF  
THE DEAF, I SWEAR!

AND I'LL  
LIGHT TEN  
CANDLES TO  
HELEN KELLER!



AND YET ANOTHER STORY LINE....

WHUH! WHUH! WHUH! WHUH!

DO YOU BELIEVE  
THAT BALONEY  
ABOUT THE  
SOUND OF  
CHOPPERS  
ATTRACTING  
SHARKS?

HA-A-A! SOME  
COLLEGE PROFESSOR'S  
THEORY THAT THE  
WHIRLING BLADES--



YUCHHH!

THIS  
BALL TASTES  
TERRIBLE! BUT  
I'M TOO  
HUNGRY TO BE  
CHOOZY!



WE'RE NOT  
ALLOWED TO BE  
DOWN HERE,  
SIR!  
WE'RE NOT IN  
THE SUBMARINE  
SERVICE!

BUT NOTHING CAN STOP THE MURDEROUS MUTE!

EEYAAAA!

THIS IS HOW THEY  
SETTLE SCORES  
IN AMERICA?  
AND THEY CALL ME  
A DUMMY?

KRRUNCH!

WHUH! WHUH! WHUH! WHUH! WHUH!

--SOUND LIKE JUNGLE  
DRUMS TO THE SHARK!

OH, PLAY  
THAT  
THING,  
DRUMMER  
BOY!

THIS  
REMINDS  
ME OF  
THE TIME  
I ATE  
TWO  
UKELELE  
PLAYERS  
IN  
DON HO'S  
BAND!



THEN BACK TO PLOT LINE 28-C!

YOU SAY YOU'LL RELEASE  
THAT PICTURE OF THE  
BIG SHARK AND RUIN  
MY CHANCES FOR A  
GAMBLING CASINO?

UNLESS YOU PAY  
ME 3 BIG ONES!  
THAT'S \$30,000 IN  
GANGSTER TALK,  
RIGHT?





NO, JERK! THIS IS THREE BIG ONES!

BOOM!  
BOOM!  
BOOM!

OKAY, DUMMY! PUT THE CANNON BACK IN THE PARK BEFORE THEY MISS IT!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE BOY SCOUT REGATTA...

HERE'S \$10,000 IN HONOR OF MY UNCLE, LUIGI REGATTA!

WE CAN'T ACCEPT YOUR DIRTY MONEY!

IT'S CLEAN! IT JUST CAME BACK FROM THE LAUNDRY-- IN MEXICO!



USE IT TO BUY HOTDOGS FOR THE KIDS!

WITH PRICES THE WAY THEY ARE? IT'LL BUY THREE FRANKS, YOU CHEAPSKATE!

FINALLY, THE CHIEF FIGURES OUT SOMETHING IS WRONG!

YOU GIANT, BRONZED, CALIFORNIA SCUBA DIVER, I TELL YOU THERE'S A SHARK OUT THERE!

AND I TELL YOU, ACCORDING TO NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, THERE ARE 23,457 OF THEM OUT THERE! SO I'M NOT GOING NEAR THAT WATER!

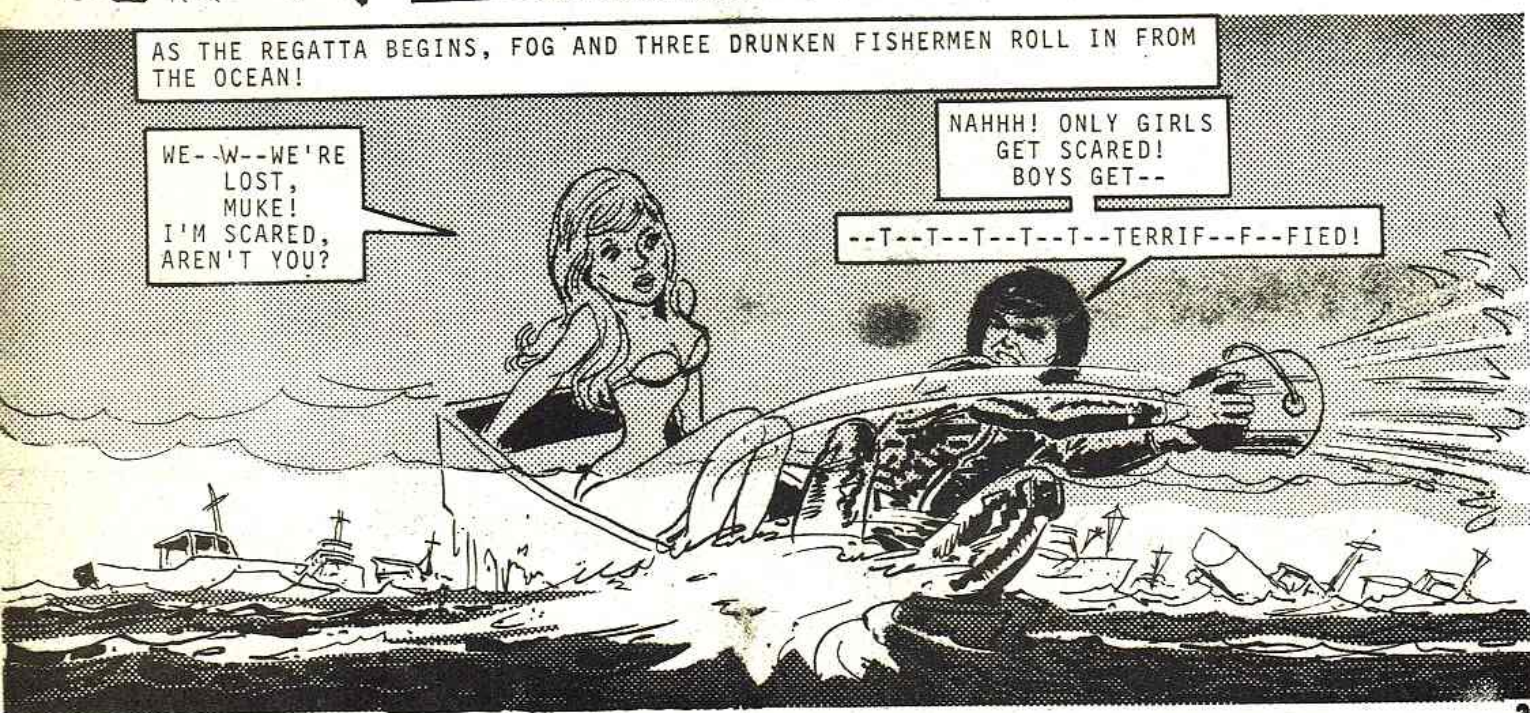


AS THE REGATTA BEGINS, FOG AND THREE DRUNKEN FISHERMEN ROLL IN FROM THE OCEAN!

WE--W--WE'RE LOST, MUKE! I'M SCARED, AREN'T YOU?

NAHHH! ONLY GIRLS GET SCARED! BOYS GET--

--T--T--T--T--T--TERRIF--F--FIED!



SOON....

EGAD! THE SHARK GOT THE GIANT, BRONZED, CALIFORNIA SCUBA DIVER! IF HE'LL EAT ONE OF THOSE, HE'LL EAT ANYTHING! I'D BETTER GO SAVE MY KID!!



AND, IN THE FOG, THE REGATTA BOATS CLING TOGETHER....

EEEEK!  
THE  
SHARK!

NO, JERKI! IT'S MY FATHER!  
HE'S THE WORLD'S WORST  
SWIMMER! THAT'S WHY HE  
KEPT ME OUT OF THE  
OCEAN!



NOW, THE GREAT WHITE APPEARS!

SNAP!  
SNAP!

HELP!  
MUKE!  
HELP  
YOUR  
DAD!

YOU SEE, WHAT HE WAS  
REALLY DOING WAS  
SUBCONSCIOUSLY TRANS-  
FERRING HIS OWN FEAR  
OF THE SEA TO ME!

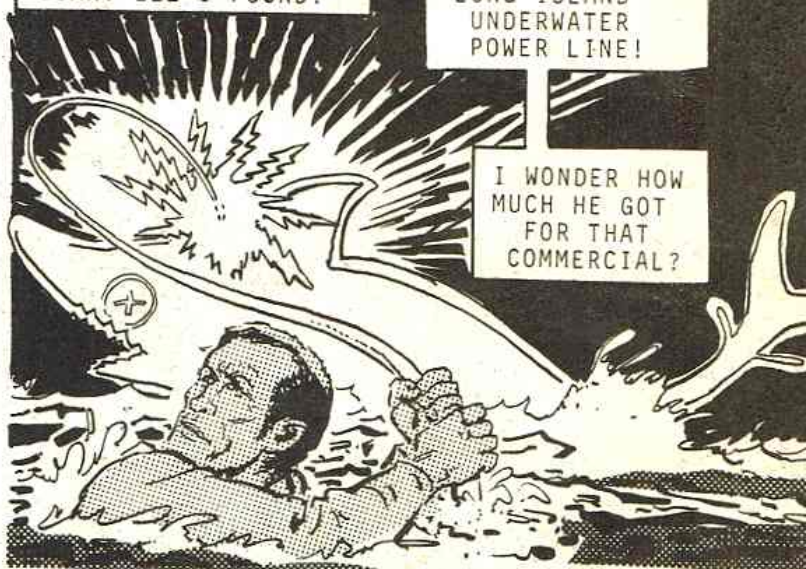
OH, YES! HERMAN  
MELVILLE HANDLED  
THAT THEME IN  
MOBY DICK WHEN--



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO  
HIT HIM WITH THIS  
GIANT EEL I FOUND!

THAT WAS NO EEL!  
IT WAS THE  
LONG ISLAND  
UNDERWATER  
POWER LINE!

I WONDER HOW  
MUCH HE GOT  
FOR THAT  
COMMERCIAL?



LATER, WITH THE SHARK BEACHED.....

I DON'T BELIEVE  
IT, DAD! ALL  
THE PEOPLE HE  
ATE! ALIVE!

IF YOU THINK THAT'S A  
TALL TALE, WAIT 'TIL  
YOU READ THE ONE  
ABOUT JONAH AND THE  
WHALE!





PUNCH ME AND  
I'LL SUE!

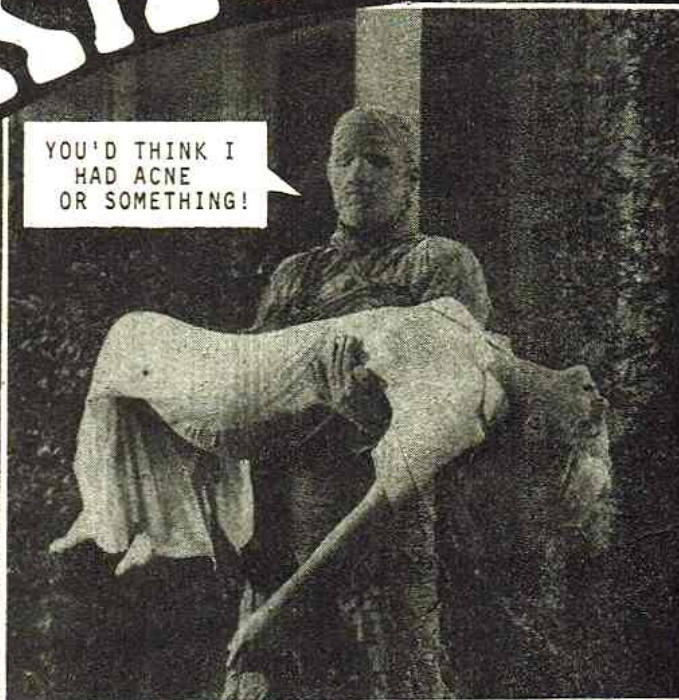


FOR THE LAST  
TIME, I WON'T  
DROP YA'

# NEW YORK SICKIES...



WHO'S FOSTER  
GRANT?



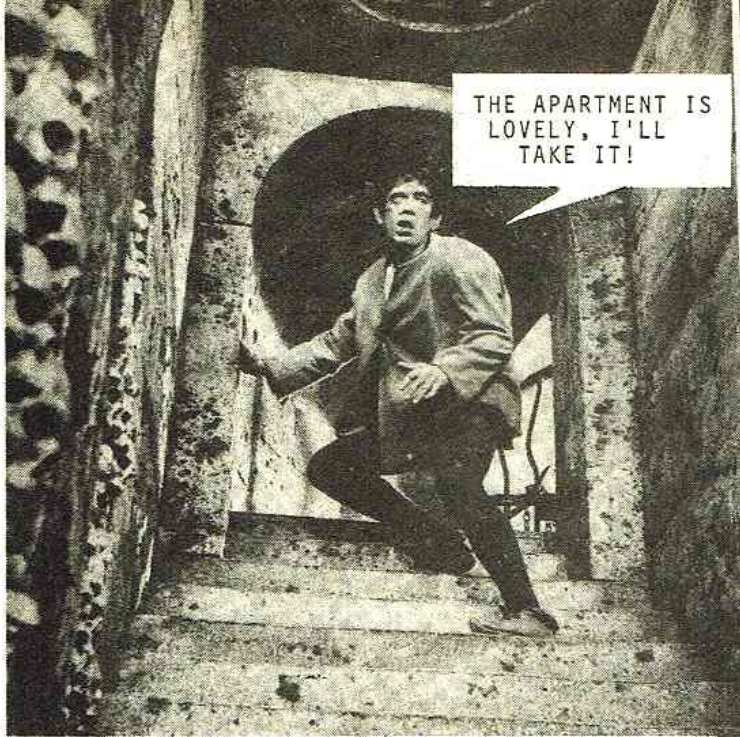
YOU'D THINK I  
HAD ACNE  
OR SOMETHING!



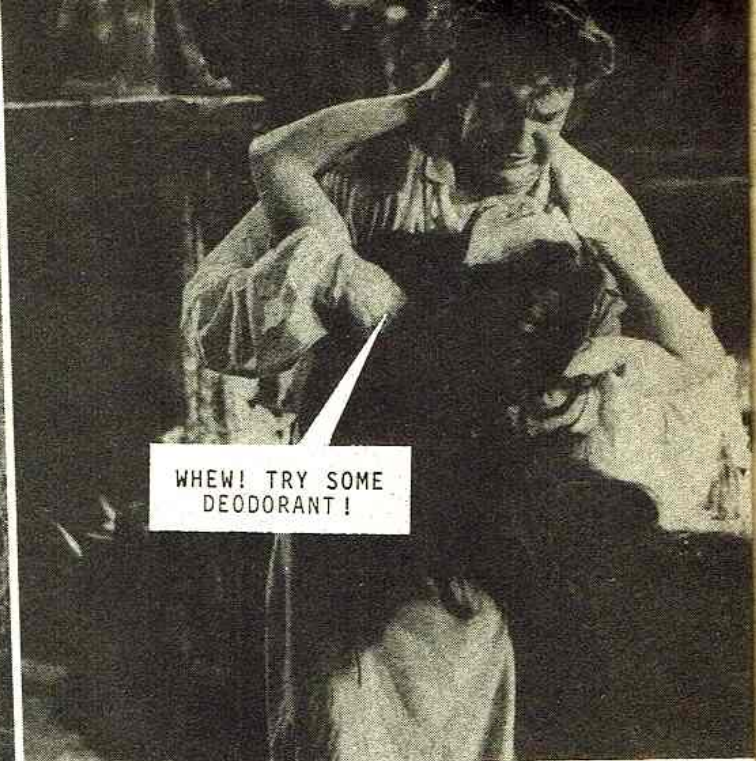
JAWS! JAWS!



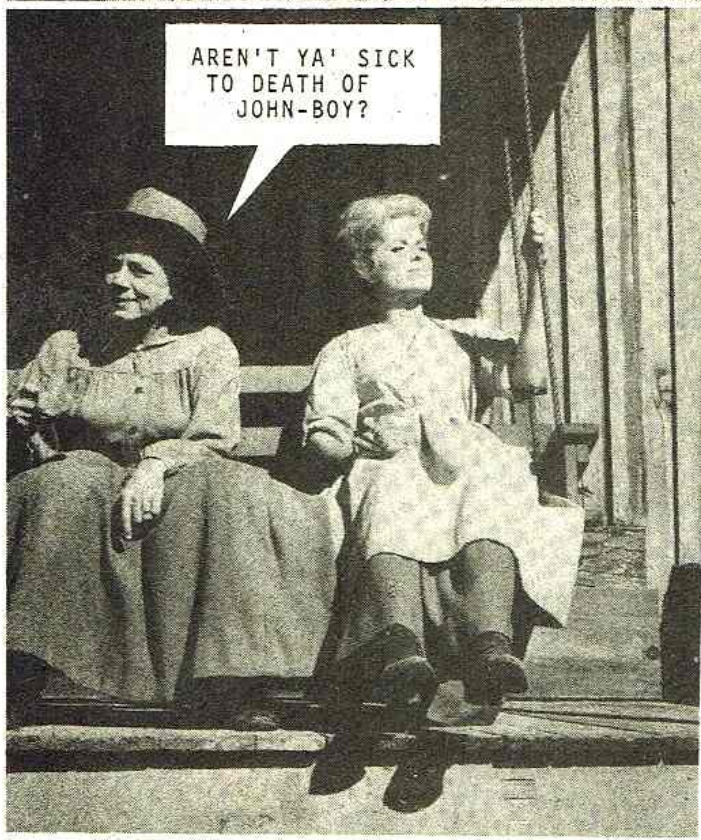
YOU'RE STEPPING  
ON MY FOOT!



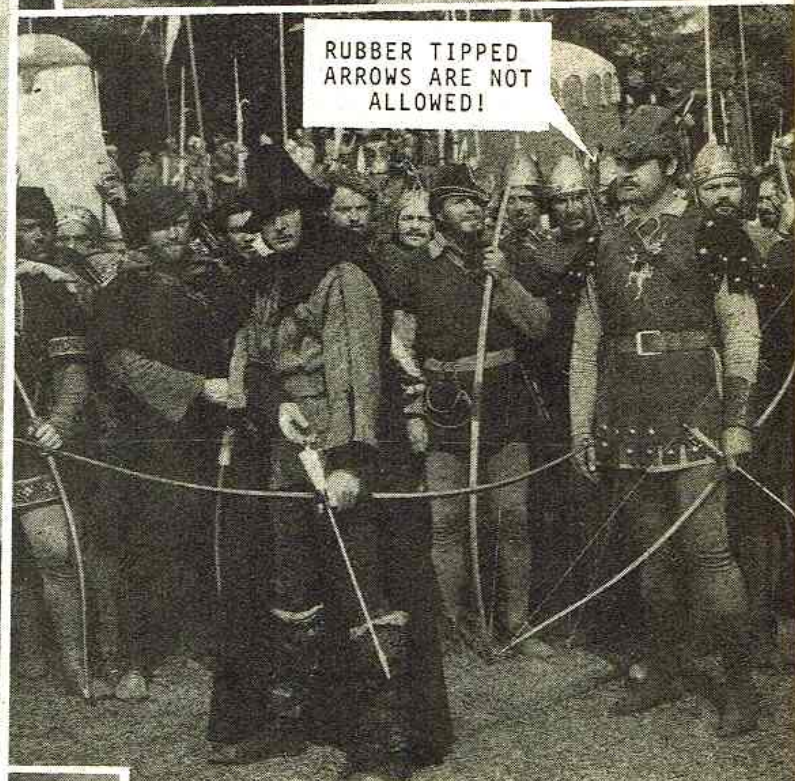
THE APARTMENT IS  
LOVELY, I'LL  
TAKE IT!



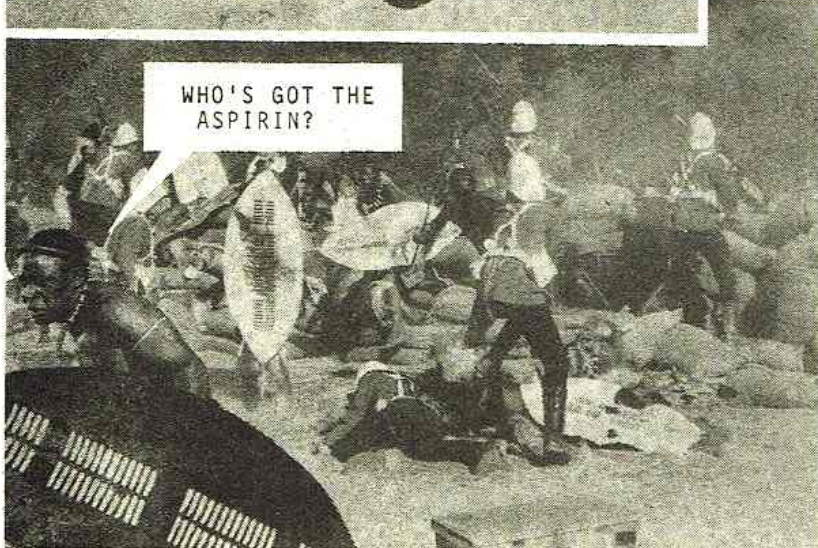
WHEW! TRY SOME  
DEODORANT!



AREN'T YA' SICK  
TO DEATH OF  
JOHN-BOY?



RUBBER TIPPED  
ARROWS ARE NOT  
ALLOWED!



WHO'S GOT THE  
ASPIRIN?



THE OFFICE WILL  
TALK!

COMA--THE DICTIONARY DESCRIBES THIS WORD AS A STATE OF DEEP UNCONSCIOUSNESS CAUSED BY DISEASE, INJURY OR POISON... WELL, HERE AT SICK WE'VE DISCOVERED ONE MORE ELEMENT IN THAT CALSATORY LIST-- MAINLY, TRYING TO SIT THROUGH THE MOVIE, 'COMA'...! SO, HERE'S OUR VERSION WHICH WILL NOT ONLY MAKE YOU DROWSY... BUT MIGHT PUT YOU OUT FOR GOOD!

# CALMA

WRITTEN & DRAWN by DAVE MANAK

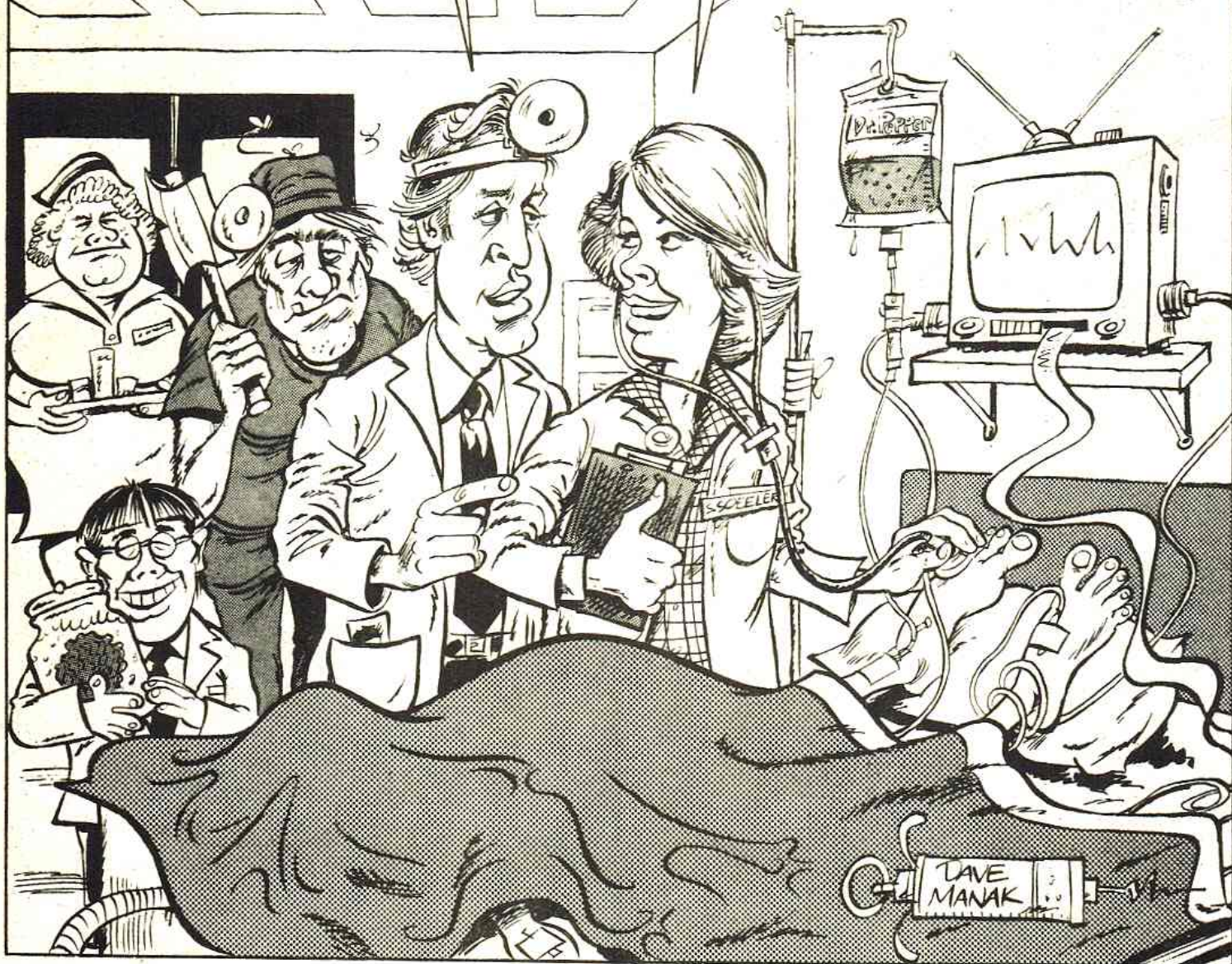
HMMM...LET'S SEE... THIS PATIENT UNDERWENT A **COMMON, UNNECESSARY OPERATION**, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, PFFT!... SHE'S IN A **COMA**, RIGHT?

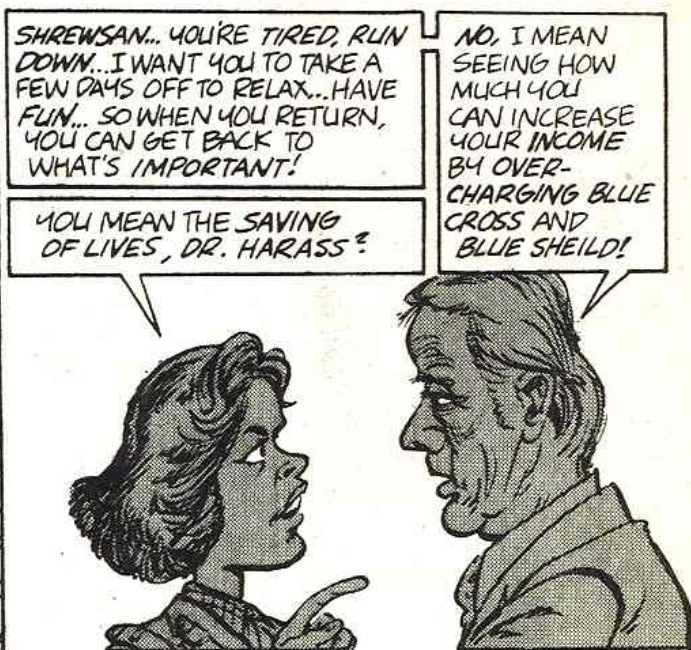
MY GOD, SHREW! I HAVE TO ADMIRE YOUR **COMPOSURE!** HOW IN THE WORLD DO YOU DO IT?

DON'T BE SILLY, MOCK! I'M A **DOCTOR FIRST**, AND A **WOMAN SECOND!** DO YOU EXPECT ME TO FALL APART AT THE MERE **DROP OF A PATIENT?**

BUT SHREW...HOW CAN YOU KEEP SUCH **EMOTIONAL CONTROL?** THIS IS YOUR **BEST FRIEND**, AND SHE WENT INTO A **COMA** TEN MINUTES AGO!

THROUGH **SKILL, DETERMINATION, PRIDE** IN MY **PROFESSION**, AND THE FACT THAT I **CHLIGGED** A **FIFTH OF VODKA** FIVE MINUTES AGO!









UH-OH, THERE'S A TOUGH LOOKING GOON FOLLOWING ME... BETTER THROW MY WEIGHT AROUND AND GET RID OF HIM!



HEY YOU!... I'M A VERY IMPORTANT DOCTOR AROUND HERE!... AND IF YOU DON'T QUIT FOLLOWING M...



RATS!! IT DIDN'T WORK!



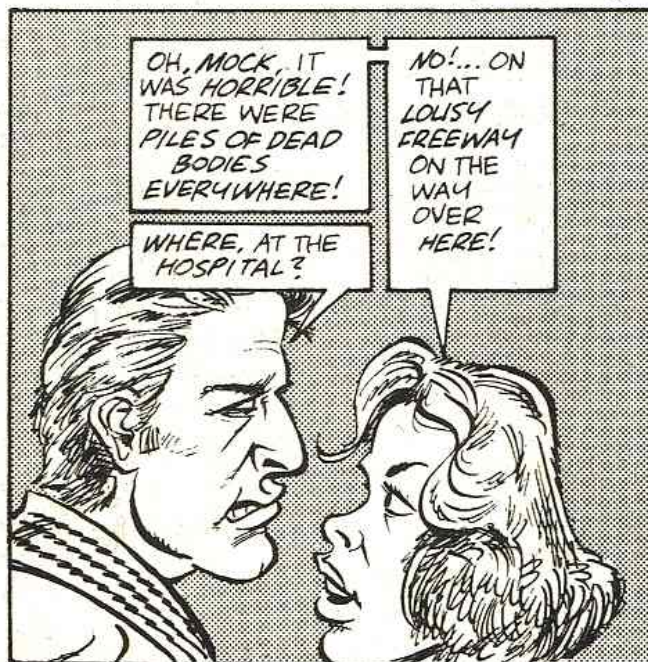
ONLY ONE PLACE TO HIDE OUT... IN THIS CADAVER REFRIGERATOR!



UNNH!!



HOW ABOUT THAT... CLOBBERED BY A SEVERE CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION!!



OH, MOCK, IT WAS HORRIBLE! THERE WERE PILES OF DEAD BODIES EVERYWHERE!

WHERE, AT THE HOSPITAL?

NO!... ON THAT LOUSY FREEWAY ON THE WAY OVER HERE!



THAT DOES IT!... THIS IS THE MOMENT OF TRUTH!... THIS IS WHERE WE FIND OUT WHAT REAL DOCTORS ARE MADE OF!... THIS IS WHERE WE START OUR OWN INVESTIGATION!

MOCK, MY LOVE... YOU MEAN YOU FINALLY BELIEVE ME?

SURE I DO!... AND I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME A PHONE CALL THE MINUTE YOU FIND ANYTHING OUT!

SO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... AS YOU CAN SEE  
BY THIS FINE SPECIMEN, OUR HERD OF LIVESTOCK...  
...ER... A... GROUP OF PATIENTS... ARE CONSTANTLY  
MONITORED BY OUR COMPUTERS AND CAN SAFELY BE  
CLASSIFIED, U.S.D.A. GRADE "A" CHOICE...ER... IN  
EXCELLENT PHYSICAL CONDITION...



HMMM... NOTHING UNUSUAL  
IN THERE!... MAYBE I  
CAN FIND SOMETHING  
OUT IF I SLIP AWAY!



WHAT?!... THEY'RE SELLING  
THE ORGANS OF COMATOSE  
PATIENTS! IT'S HARD  
FOR ME TO BELIEVE THAT  
THEY'RE DEALING IN  
HUMAN FLESH FOR  
COLD CASH!!

ALRIGHT, WE'LL  
BE EXPECTING  
YOUR CHECK  
FOR \$3000,000  
IN THE MORN-  
ING, GOODBYE!

WELL, AT  
LEAST  
NOW, I  
FIND IT  
EASIER  
TO  
BELIEVE!



LIH-OH... THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON  
ME!-- I'VE GOT TO USE ALL OF  
MY FEMALE WIVES TO ESCAPE!!  
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE  
AND WARN THE OTHERS!!



HEY, ED, WHY'D  
YOU TURN  
THE SIREN ON?  
THIS ISN'T AN  
EMERGENCY!

I DIDN'T TOUCH  
IT, CHARLIE!... IT  
MUST BE BROKE!  
I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT  
IT WHEN WE STOP!



44HHHHAAAAAAAALLPPP!!!





WHA...? I FEEL WOOLY!!  
4-YOU'VE DRUGGED MY  
DRINK, DR. HARASS!! THIS  
PROVES I WAS RIGHT ABOUT  
THE CONSPIRACY!!! WHAT  
HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY  
ABOUT THAT, DOCTOR?

I THINK  
PLEASANT  
DREAMS  
WOULD BE  
APPROPRIATE!  
EH, DR.  
SQUEELER?



MOCK, DARLING...  
...O.R. #8...  
GAS... MOCK...  
DR. HARASS...  
...GAS... MOCK...  
...GAS!...

WHAT SHREW?!...  
GAS!!? WELL...  
TAKE TWO  
ALKA-SELTZERS  
AND CALL ME IN  
THE MORNING!

...AND WHAT'S  
THAT ABOUT DR.  
HARASS?...LET  
ME LEAN  
CLOSER SO I  
CAN HEAR YOU!



HE DRUGGED  
ME, YOU IDIOT!!!



THIS IS IT!... A RACE!... A  
RACE FOR SHREW'S LIFE! BUT  
NO MATTER WHAT THE  
OUTCOME... ONE GIGANTIC  
QUESTION WILL ALWAYS  
REMAIN!...



...HOW IN THE WORLD DID I FIND  
THIS PAINSTAKINGLY CONCEALED  
TIMING MECHANISM WITHOUT  
ANY INSTRUCTIONS FROM  
SHREW WHATSOEVER!



THE JIG IS  
UP, HARASS...  
YOU WON'T  
BE PUTTING  
ANYONE  
ELSE INTO  
A COMA!...

YES... I GUESS  
YOU CAN'T  
DO MUCH  
DOCTORING  
FROM BEHIND  
BARS... CAN  
YOU?

ARE YOU  
KIDDING!!...  
YOU'RE  
NOT GETTING  
OFF THAT  
EASY,  
DOCTOR!...

OH,  
NO!!



YES!!! MEET THE NEW  
HEADS OF SURGERY... AND  
YOUR NEW BOSSES, DOCTOR!!  
GOOD LUCK!!!!

THE  
END

# NATIONAL UNQUIETER

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN AMERICA

REVEALED! In her  
hairdresser's  
new book...  
**FARRAH IS BALD!**

AMAZING NEW PSYCHIC ~~PHENOM~~ ~~PHONEM~~ ~~DOOR~~ HAPPENING!

# MAN USES E.S.P. TO TURN ON HOT WATER TAP!

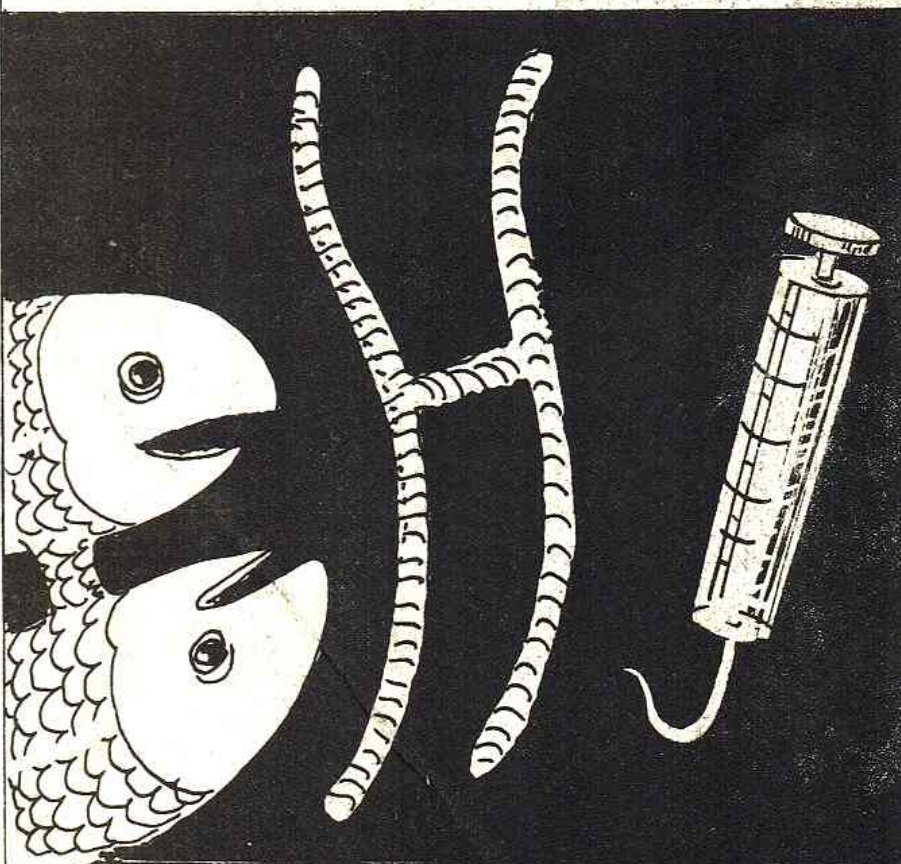
DIETER'S DISCOVERY  
LOOSE 80 POUNDS  
IN 14 MINUTES  
GAMBLE IN A LONDON CASINO.....P.95

FROM NIXON'S NEW BOOK  
NEW PROOF  
NIXON WAS  
INNOCENT  
FIRST THREE DAYS OF HIS LIFE.....P.102

MORE SELF-HELP FROM NEW BOOK BY  
PEDICURIST  
THE WAY YOU CUT YOUR  
TOENAILS REVEALS YOUR  
PERSONALITY  
..... p.147

SENSATIONAL NEW BOOK  
ON REINCARNATION  
"IS THERE  
LIFE AFTER LIFE  
AFTER LIFE  
AFTER LIFE  
AFTER LIFE?"  
p.347

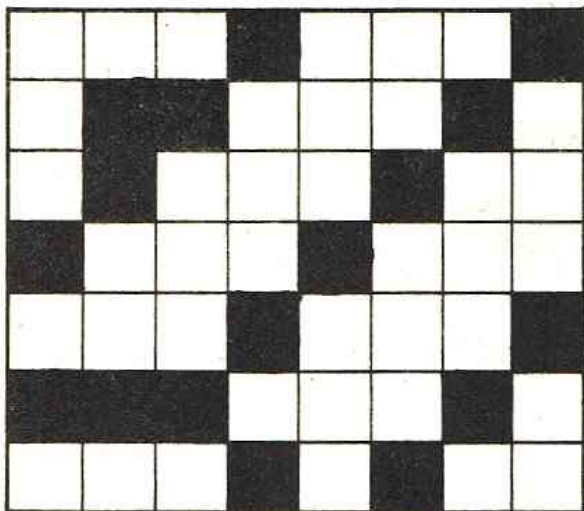
*FIRST PICTURE OF ASTOUNDING  
FIND. . . SIAMESE-TWIN WORMS,  
FRAN AND BILL*



Simple New England fisherman, Louie Gangstrella, made the astounding discovery while fishing off his yacht, the Al Capone. The Coast Guard, impressed by this significant scientific contribution, agreed to

overlook the 200 pounds of pure heroin also found aboard. Louie angrily denies worm is really a lost Harvard football letter. Shown, too, are fish caught and hook used. Fish was a Haddick.

## TRY A BRAIN BUSTER!



DON'T BE AFRAID TO TEST YOUR WORD POWER AGAINST THIS SUPER-PUZZLER DEvised BY SIX PROFESSORS OF LINGUISTICS FROM HARVARD, YALE, OXFORD AND BABEL UNIVERSITY.

### ACROSS

- 1 - Four legged animal
- 2 - Furry pet
- 4 - Caterpillar tractor (short form)
- 6 - Smile like a cheshire
- 7 - Duty officer (abbrev.)
- 8 - got your tongue?
- 9 - Man's best friend
- 10 - A hip fellow
- 11 - Ugly dance date
- 12 - his steps (follow him)
- 14 - days (hot weather)
- 15 - Act

### DOWN

- 1 - burglar (good climber)
- 2 - Short for Catherine
- 3 - On or near by
- 4 - A spiteful woman
- 5 - Wood (tree with four-petal blossoms)
- 6 - Short for nine-tailed whip
- 7 - Lassie, the TV star
- 8 - Canadian Atlantic (abbrev.)
- 9 - Patch (Little Abner's hometown)
- 11 - You ! (mild oath)
- 13 - Direct order (abbrev.)

DOES NOT  
(Answer appear below)

*The more you eat, the more you lose!*

## Feed your fat face and grow thinner

U.S. Patent No. 131313 may prove to be the greatest thing that's happened to fat people since MacDonald's invented indigestion. It's the brainchild of Harvey Hockinfoos and he calls it "FATAWAY"!

From his bedside in the Intensive Care Room of Our Lady of Fatima Hospital, he explained through thin, white but smiling lips.

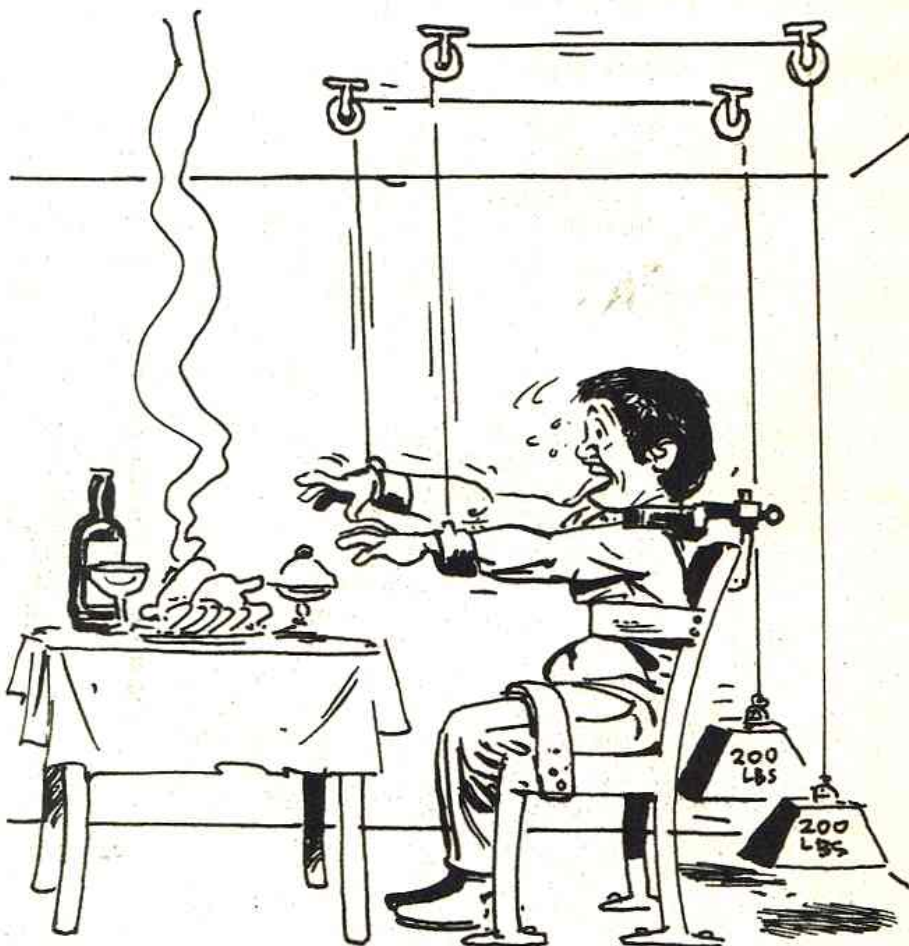
"You strap yourself into the FATAWAY chair and clamp these pulleys to your wrists. Each is attached to huge weights. Want a bite of turkey? You have to lift 200 pounds to reach it. The turkey adds 80 calories to you but the exercise takes away 300. It's fool-proof!"

H.H. admits there are a few side effects. Muscle aches are common. Severe spasms, actually. Some hernias have been heard of. Heart attacks are not unknown. But the commonest side effect is rage.

"One man tore the pulleys out of the ceiling and hurled them through the wall," Harvey said as an IV tube was inserted in his arm so that a massive feeding of liquid food could begin.

"But hurling those huge weights cost him another 2.75 pounds, so FATAWAY really won that battle, too."

To prove FATAWAY works, 285 pound Harvey used it for 6 months. He did a great job. Last night, 68 pound Harvey died at OLF Hospital — of malnutrition.



Every ounce of food costs him a pound of flesh. The inventor demonstrates how a meal inside his machine becomes

some of the hardest work you have ever done and leaves you hungry, tired, angry — and gloriously thin!

# THE NIGHT MACK JIGGER WENT SANE

## Our readers vote for best TV shows

There is only one surprise in this week's list of reader TV favorites; Station-Test-Pattern has moved up four slots to threaten the leaders. Otherwise, the list remains unchanged for the 13th consecutive year.

1 - Lawrence Welk Show

2 - I Love Lucy (1956 reruns)

3 - Station-Test-Pattern

4 - Gilligan's Island

5 - I Love Lucy (1957 reruns)

6 - Romper room

7 - Tie: I Love Lucy (1958)  
I Love Lucy (1958)

8 - Movie: "Abbot and Costello  
Meet the Bowery Boys"

9 - Sports Spectacular: Rerun of  
1927 Polish Football  
Championship

10 - All-Star Documentary: Army  
Training Films. This week:  
"Know Your Tent Pegs!"

### Advertisement

This ancient secret of the  
orient can be yours **FREE**

**MEN** You can have **POWER** over **WOMEN**

**WOMEN** You can have **POWER** over **MEN**

**SWINGERS** You can have any combination  
of the above  
through

**CHICKEN FAT POWER!**

From the tomb of the mightiest  
of all Pharaohs, Dorn-Tuten XI,  
comes this remarkable amulet  
which ancient Egyptians knew as  
Chee-Kin Li-Tel!

The fantastic storm of cosmic  
energy that radiates from the  
amulet is nothing but  
concentrated chicken fat power!

Early men  
understood the  
highest forms of  
human thought and  
spiritual values,  
though they could  
not read, write or  
play the guitar.

These filthy  
primitives knew the  
mystic energy that  
was stored in every  
glob of chicken fat!

But, over the  
centuries, a great plot was  
launched to stamp out our  
chicken fat knowledge. Ask  
yourself this question:



• Did Beethoven even whisper of  
the inspiration he gained from  
chicken fat power? Not a  
whisper!

You see it now, don't you?  
This conspiracy of silence! How  
could the greatest minds live all  
their lives without saying the  
words "Chicken  
Fat"? Except, of  
course, if they are  
part of a plot to  
keep you from  
sharing their good  
luck!

But now this  
wisdom is yours!  
Hold the amulet in  
your hands. Feel  
every drop of  
chicken fat in the  
universe coursing  
through your  
system. And it's all free —  
because we love you! Fill out the  
coupon now!

Advertisement

which can't be  
told from the rest of this junk

"SCARED? MAN, I  
THOUGHT I'D NEVER BE  
CUCKOO AGAIN!

Nightmare experience for leader of  
"Royally Stoned" rock group  
by  
Manfried Starmucke

Special to the Unquieter:

"I swear, I woke up without heart flutters, and  
no cold sweat! Right off, I knew I was in  
trouble." Royally Stoned group leader Mack  
Jigger used up another quart of Jerk Daniels  
whiskey to wash down six more reds, five yellows,  
three blues and a vitamin pill.

"I knew it instantly, too," said lovely Blanca  
Jigger, Mack's companion of eleven days.  
"Suddenly he stopped talking jibberish! We were  
both petrified!" she said smoking a \$100 bill and  
washing it down with vintage drano.

"Wham!" Mack continued, "I saw my whole  
career flash before my eyes. That's sheer terror,  
man!"

There's a happy ending though, Mack and  
Blanca have founded their own "Church of the  
Acid Rock" in Hollywood and Biarritz. Good Luck  
you adorable cuckoos!



"Thank God the nightmare is over!" says Mack  
Jigger as he returns to normal in this exclusive  
picture.

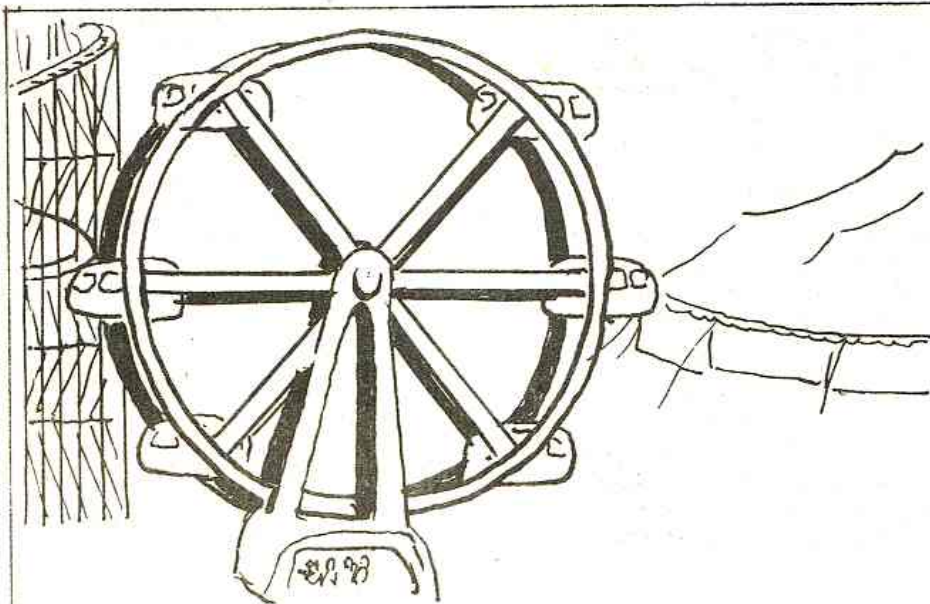
Yes, I want Chicken Fat Power!  
Please send me, **ABSOLUTELY  
FREE**, the Mystic Amulet of  
Dorn-Tuten XI. I enclose \$149.95  
to cover the cost of handling.  
You promise to return my money  
if you are not absolutely satisfied  
with it.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

WHEN THE GODS WERE OUT OF THEIR GOURDS. . .

# DID OUTER-SPACE MEN BUILD CONEY ISLAND?



## EMINENT SCIENTIST AND DEEP THINKER ASKS, "VY NOT?"

Did aliens land at Coney Island and leave behind the devices we think of as amusement park rides?

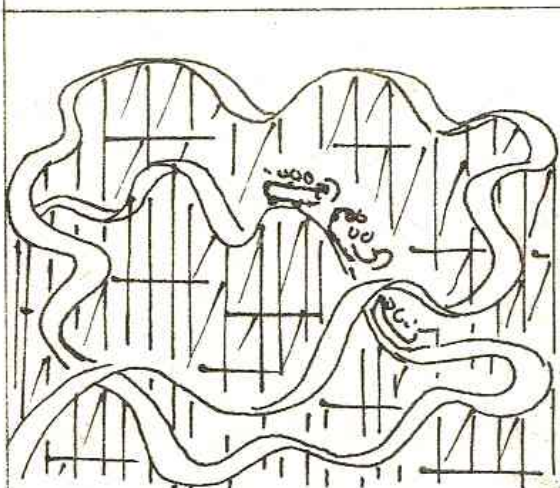
Wolf von Grossfibber, famed author, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief, chemist, physicist, typist, historian, explorer, computer expert and liar believes they did!

"All the signs point to it." In proof, he held up three metal arrows marked,

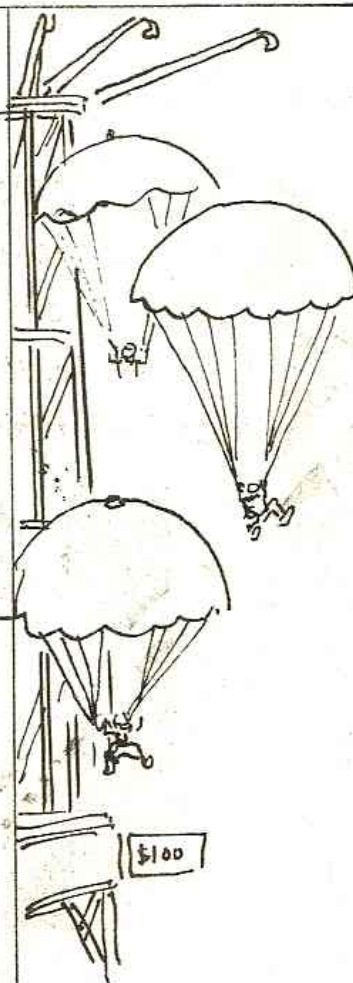


Dr. Wolf von Grossfibber and two aides.

FERRIS WHEEL OR GIANT CARBURETOR?  
YOU DECIDE!



For years this structure was thought to be a scenic-railway. But Dr. von Grossfibber now reveals it is a petrified strip of lasagna. Some spaceman's lunch, perhaps?



What some believed a parachute jump was actually a clothes line for alien handkerchiefs, says Dr. von Grossfibber.



Famed park entrance is really an alien idol — God of Big-Mouthedness, Bil-ee Cah-tuh.



von Grossfibber admits this is a cone — but a missile nose cone that ran into a misplaced igloo during the ice age. To reveal it's secret alien design, turn picture upside down — or stand on your head.

"Coney Island"

"These were doubtless markers fired by the spacemen."

When we asked if they couldn't be police direction arrows and, if not, what did the P.D. on them stand for, he said:

"Pretty Dumb!" and hit us with all three arrows.

Dr. G's newest book, "I met the tooth fairy!" may top his best seller, "The Pyramid Was a Spacemen's Bathroom". Nice fibbing, Dr. Grossworker.

# Dame Drybble Leakey

Last of the red-hot witches says

From her secret coven, Witch Leakey reveals your future. (For map of secret coven, send \$3 to, Dame Leakey, Tinkle-on-the-Thames, England.)

## — Aries —

Romance lies ahead — but it may take a while. . .20 or 30 years. So play it safe until then. Don't eat anything beginning with "R" and stay in bed.

## — Leo —

You will do a lot of traveling — but not just yet. You are easily hurt. Don't play with razor blades and stay in bed.

## — Sagittarius —

Money could be a problem for you this month. Get rid of it. Send it to me at address above. Avoid all strain. Stay in bed.

## — Taurus —

This is my last warning. Avoid cross-eyed alligators with bad breath. I am not jesting. Don't wash your hands for 40 days. And, to play it safe, stay in bed.

# the stars KNOW everything

## — Virgo —

Search for new job opportunities. This is a good time for it. Try selling beds. They will soon be very popular. Carry a sample at all times and stay in bed.

## — Capricorn —

Watch out for trouble with blood relatives. Also avoid in-laws. Friends could be dangerous, too. Don't be paranoid — but it's best to stay in bed.

## — Gemini —

Time for a change. Change your job. Change your mate. Change your underwear. But don't change your bed. Get into it.

## — Libra —

Don't expect too much help from others. They don't hate you but don't put much faith in them. There's only one thing you can believe in. Your bed. Stay there.

## — Aquarius —

You are about to hear of a great new money-making scheme. As soon as you do, contact me and I will split it with you. Protect yourself until then, partner. Stay in bed.

## — Cancer —

Health problems. Eat nothing that grows in the ground. Boil your fingers before every meal. Stop visiting leper colonies. Stay in bed.

## — Scorpio —

You can make an easy score — perhaps millions. But it would be immoral. Don't do it. Send me the sucker's name so I may pray for him. Above all, stay in bed.

## — Pisces —

This is my favorite sign, because it's mine! We are energetic, forceful, positive and never lie around in bed like so many bums you see these days — Good luck to us!

## Hollywood Columnist and Industrial Spy

# BLONDA BLABBIT says the stars TELL everything

Hello again from Hollywood! When I first started my brave defense of freedom of the press by tapping phones and hiding cameras in stars toilets, you should have heard the fraidy cats scream!

But now that I have 60,000,000 readers, it's another story — and they're all dying to tell it! Well, get on line, starsees! The confessions begin here!



**Burt Rainholes: I stole!**

**Rachel Belch: I sold my love!**

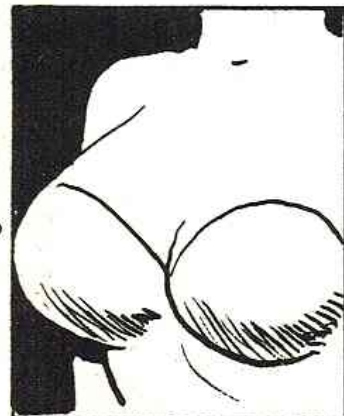
**Barbwa Strident: I hever used my own voice**

**Jane Flounder: My father beat me mercilessly!**



"I arrived in Hollywood with sixteen suitcases and no talent. So I stole my smile from Johnny Carson, my funny delivery from Groucho Marx, my dirty talk from Hugh Hefner's Barber and my toupee from Frank Sinatra. I'm glad to get this off my chest!"

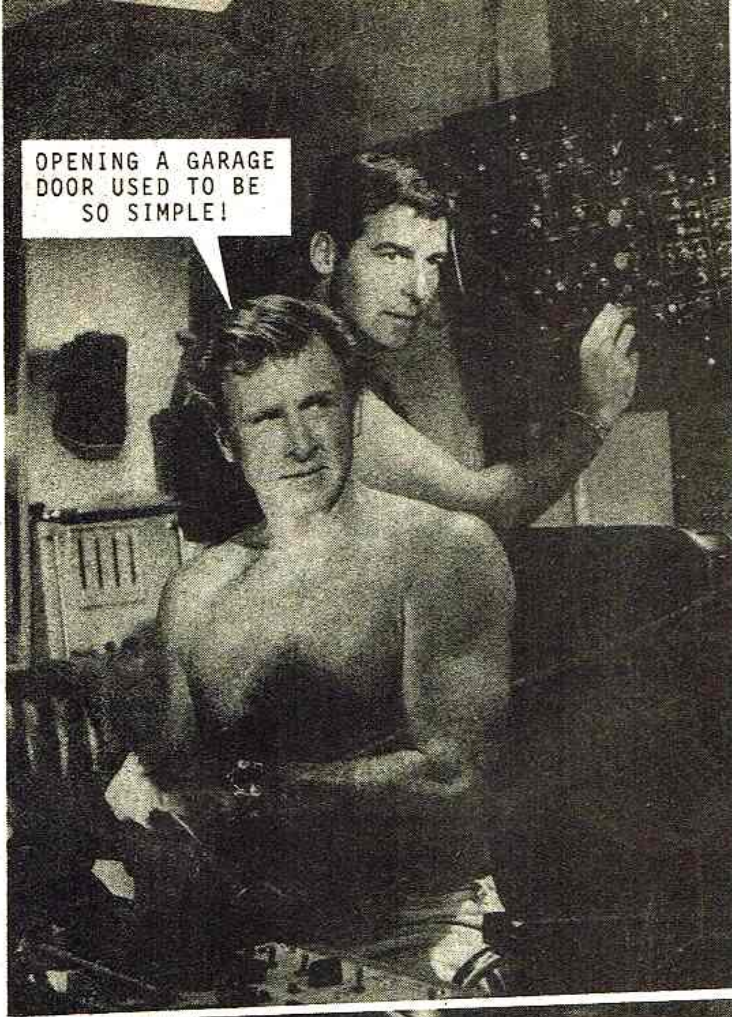
"When I was broke I did anything for a buck, including selling that worst of all perfumes, 'My Love' by Stinquee of Paris. I'm glad to make a clean breast of it."



"The block I grew up on was so tough that you had to hit first and speak after! For fifteen years I never used my voice. But I developed a great left hook — in my nose! I'm glad to tell all now because it means you can't blackmail me anymore, Barbwa!"

"When I ws a child, my father, screen star Henry Flounder, loved to play games with me. Not kiddie games, either. He taught me chess at two! I lost 14,000 games to him and never won one. He beat me mercilessly. But I got even when I grew up. I broke his G.A.F. camera and lowered his face lift! And that's the whole tooth!"





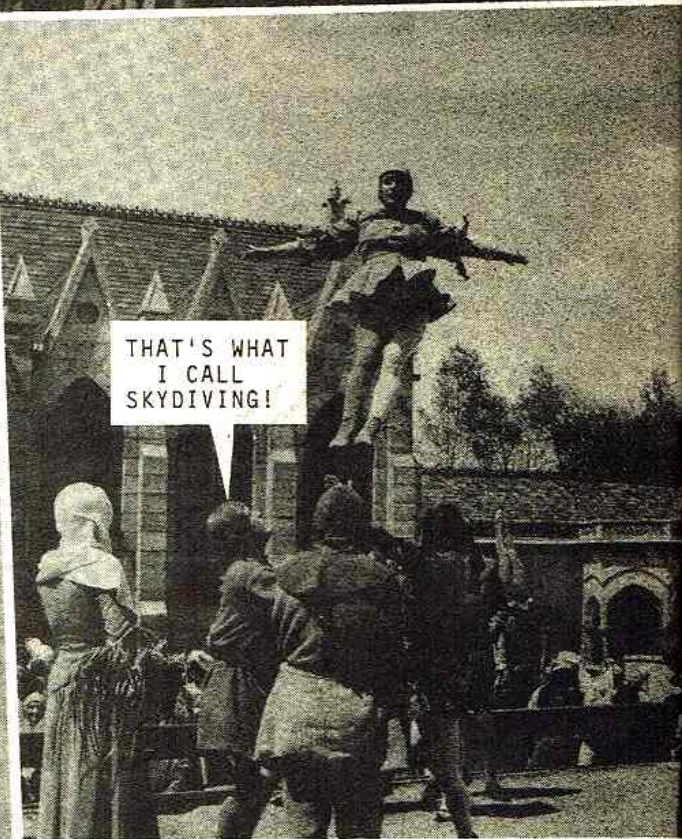
OPENING A GARAGE  
DOOR USED TO BE  
SO SIMPLE!



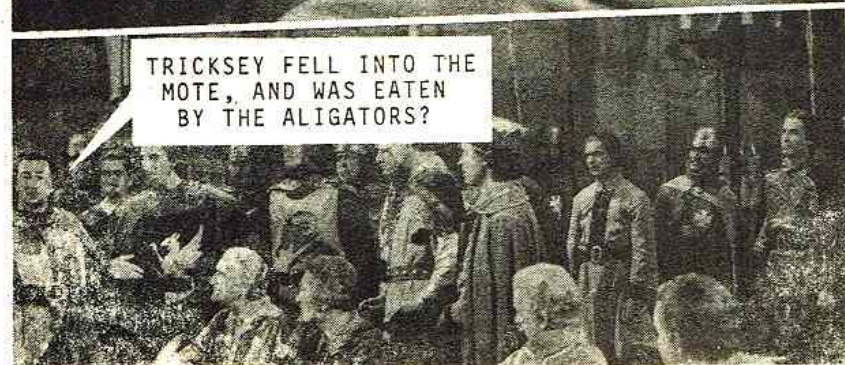
HOW DO YOU  
THINK SHE  
PAID FOR IT!



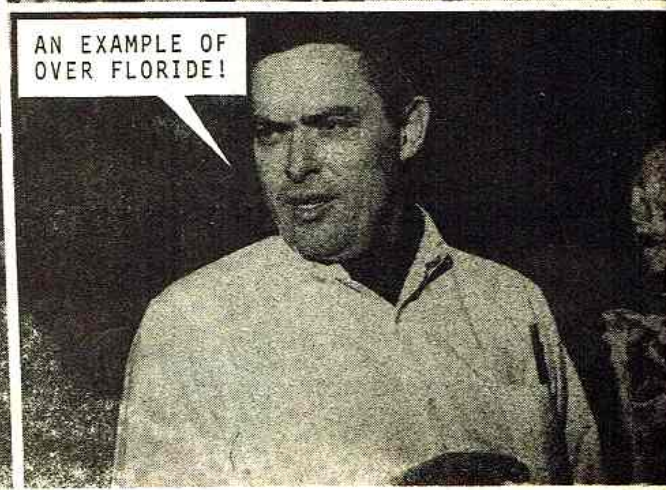
THAT'S NOT  
MY KNEE!



THAT'S WHAT  
I CALL  
SKYDIVING!



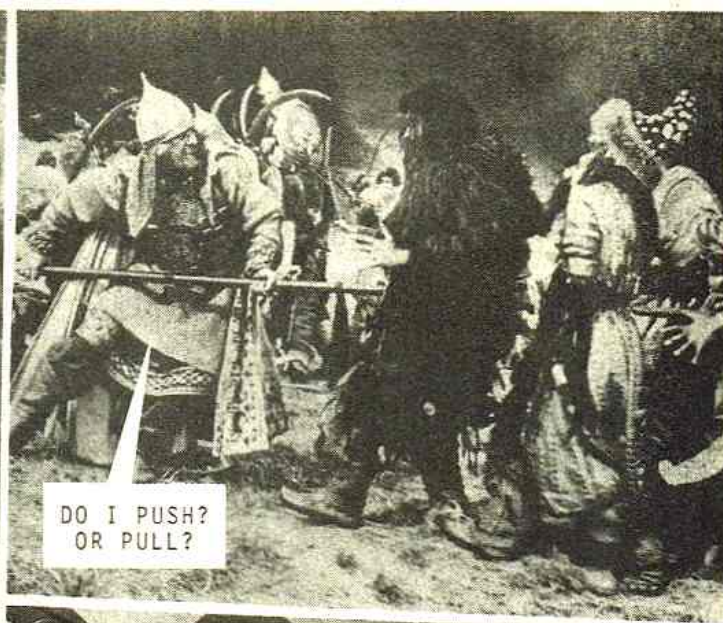
TRICKSEY FELL INTO THE  
MOTE, AND WAS EATEN  
BY THE ALIGATORS?



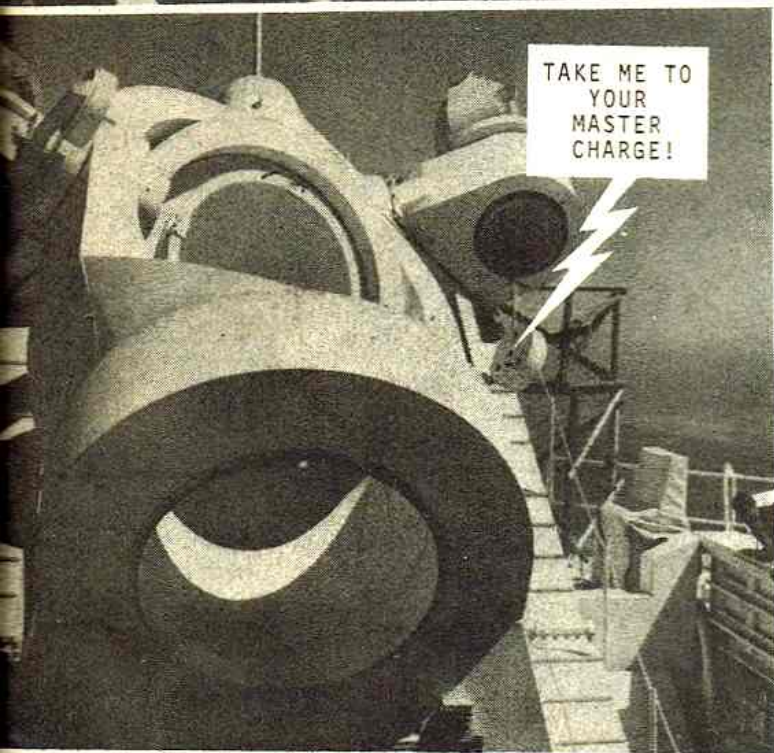
AN EXAMPLE OF  
OVER FLORIDE!



THIS'LL TEACH YA'  
KID! HANDS OFF!



DO I PUSH?  
OR PULL?



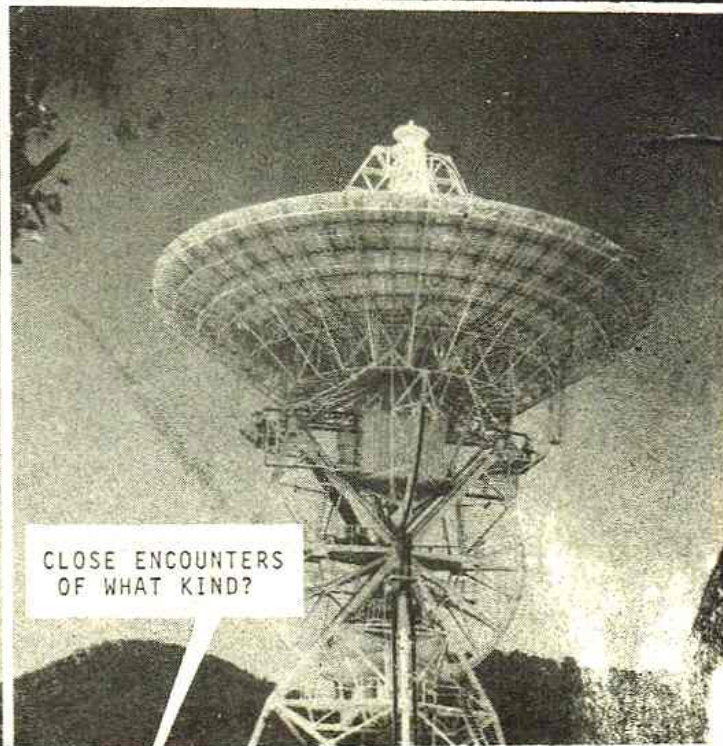
TAKE ME TO  
YOUR  
MASTER  
CHARGE!



I'D RATHER DANCE  
WITH A WOMAN!



YOU KNOW WHAT'S  
NEXT, DON'T YOU?



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS  
OF WHAT KIND?

# CHER D'FLOWER

CHER SLUMBERS IN THE TRANQUIL ARMS OF MORPHEUS, AN ESCAPE FROM OPHELIA BUNZ, HALF SISTER, WHO LANDED IN HER LIFE LIKE A SWARM OF BEES!...HER SLUMBER WILL BE INTERRUPTED.





WELL,  
NOT  
EXACTLY!



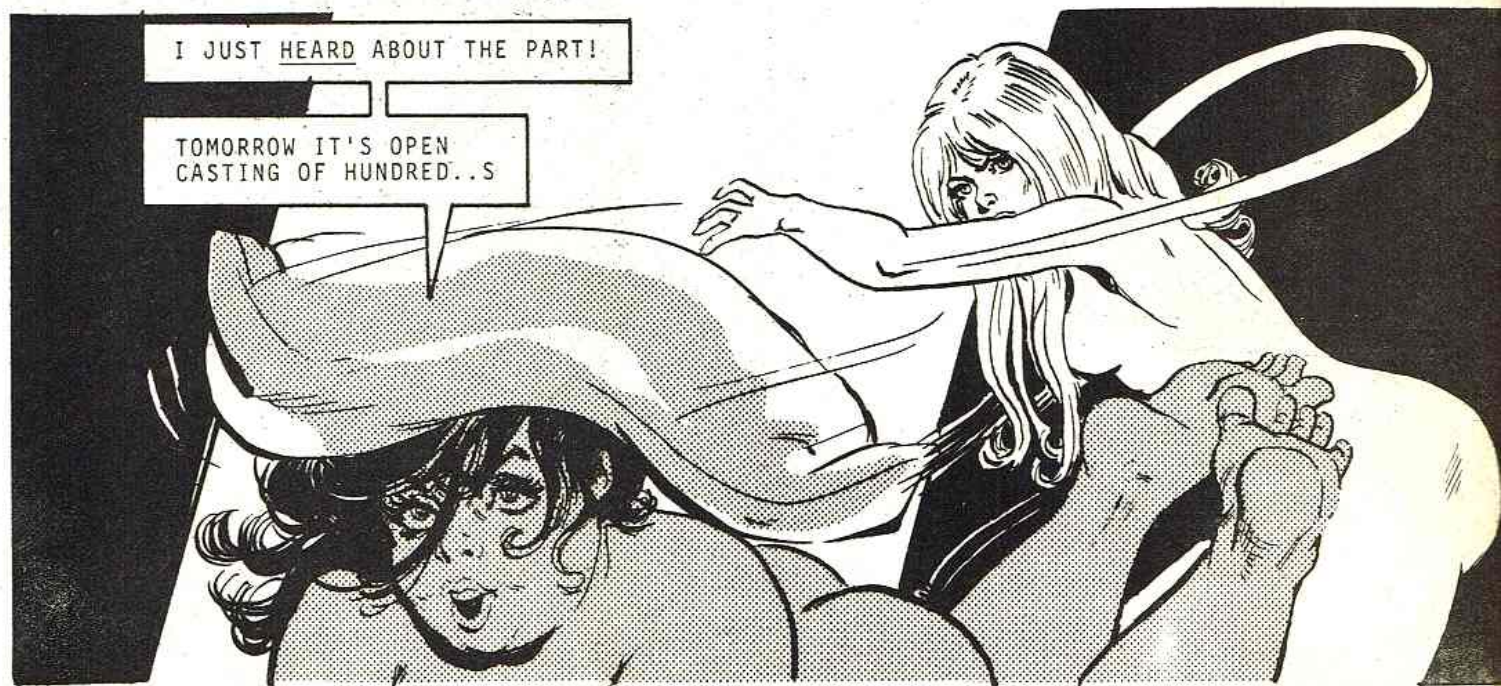
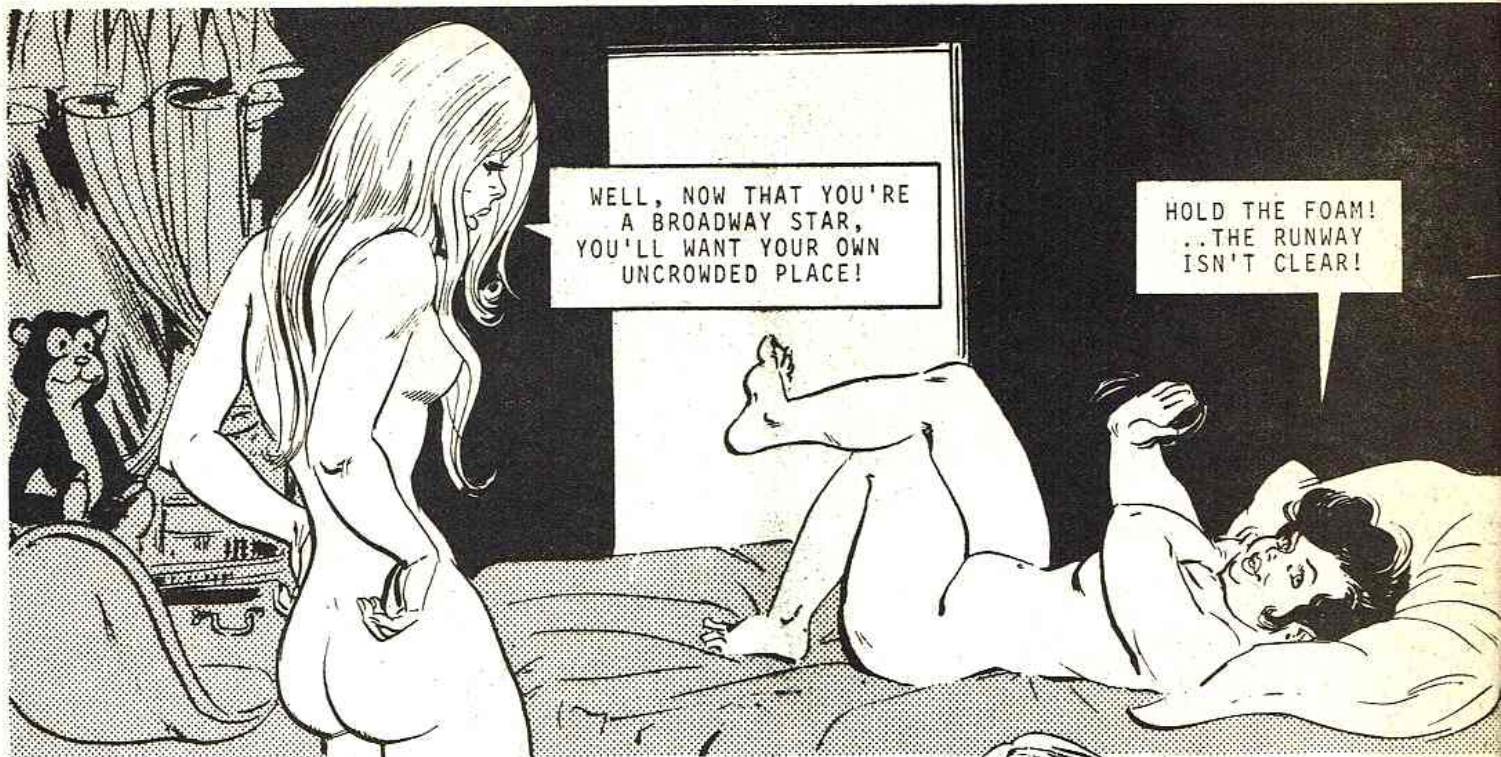
MY FIRST BROADWAY PLAY  
AND GUESS WHAT'S MY PART!

JOAN  
OF  
ARC?



I'D TAKE PLEASURE  
IN SEEING YOU  
BURNED AT THE  
STAKE!







We'd like to THANK you for getting SICK!

WE WISH EVERYONE WAS!



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HOW GOES THE  
GAME, SENATOR?

WHY, THE ONLY  
GAME IN TOWN!

ACES BACK TO  
BACK, EH!

UNLESS HE GOES  
DIRECTLY TO THE  
VOTERS.

NEVER-THE-LESS,  
A POSSIBILITY.

WHAT GAME?

WE'VE GOT ALL  
THE CARDS...

RIGHT!

THAT, SIR, IS  
A WILD CARD!

A "FIRESIDE" CHAT HAS  
ALWAYS BEEN A WILD CARD.

